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# MERCURY

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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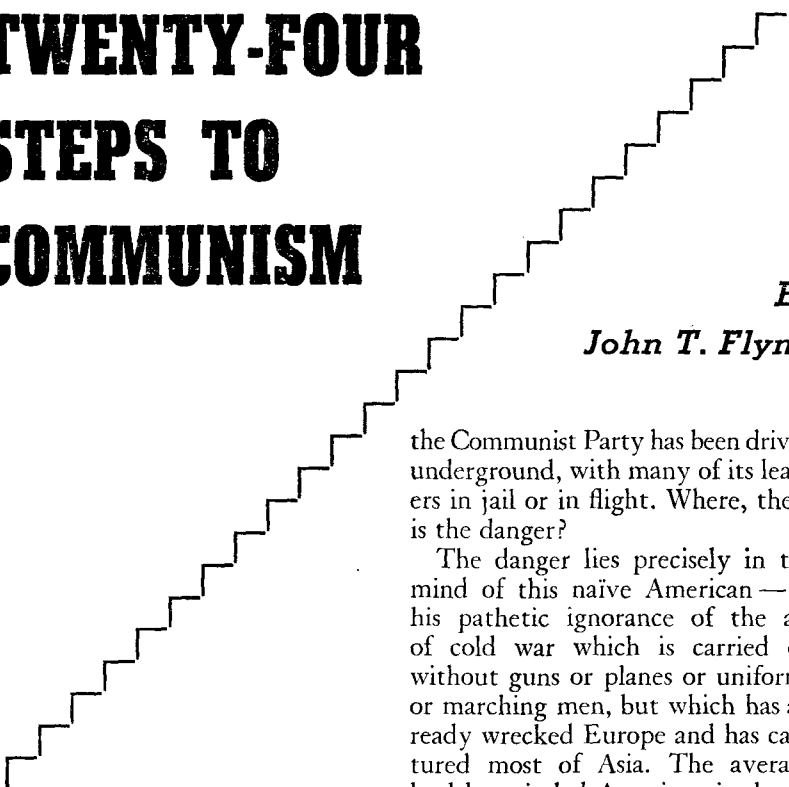
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# TWENTY-FOUR STEPS TO COMMUNISM

*By  
John T. Flynn*



the Communist Party has been driven underground, with many of its leaders in jail or in flight. Where, then, is the danger?

**I**T is five thousand miles from here to Moscow as the crow flies. But the road to Communism — as the conspirators work — is just twenty-four steps. The naïve American thinks that Russia, to take America, will have to send her planes, H-bombs, and legions here. Or he imagines that the Red conquest of America will be made by a violent revolution. And he fears neither, because he knows that the Socialist Party has been disbanded and that

The danger lies precisely in the mind of this naïve American — in his pathetic ignorance of the art of cold war which is carried on without guns or planes or uniforms or marching men, but which has already wrecked Europe and has captured most of Asia. The average healthy-minded American is almost congenitally unable to understand, or to believe when he is told, the methods by which Communism has won its impressive victories. He cannot think of political action except on the normal American scale with precinct clubs and ward and county committees, and polling places and mass meetings and conventions and elections. The first thing the American must understand is that the Communist drive in America is not a struggle to win an election. It is a revolution. And it is carried on not

just in political campaigns but ceaselessly — not by known American methods but by historic revolutionary methods. There is, however, nothing mysterious about it now, since the war to make America first a Socialist and then a Communist state is in full drive. The Communists got the green light to destroy the American Republic from the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. The plan is not to bring America down in one mighty crash by violence. The great task is being carried out in a series of encroachments and invasions of our social and political life. Let us now watch this dark adventure as it progresses — one step at a time.

**Step 1.** Change our federal republic into a powerful central state. (The Communist knows that socialism cannot be operated in a limited republic like ours, with power distributed among a central government and forty-eight state governments. The socialist state must have vast coercive central political power and must have total economic power — to take over and operate or control every kind of enterprise. *It requires a powerful central government with unlimited authority.*)

**Step 2.** Pack our courts with judges who will carry out Step 1, as George Washington termed it, by “usurpation” — judicial usurpation. (The Communist knows the people would never accept a Constitutional amendment to put Step 1 into effect. Therefore he works —

with success — to pack the courts.)

**Step 3.** Bedevil and hamstring the system of private ownership and operation — make it unworkable by excessive controls and destructive taxation.

**Step 4.** Use the income tax to take the profits out of business and to dull the incentives to enterprise. (In many industries the Government takes more in taxes than the owners do in profits.)

**Step 5.** Launch powerful propaganda drives against the group mind. (This began with the teachers in grade schools and colleges, where teachers captured by the collectivist philosophy were taught how to slyly influence the minds of students against the American system.)

**Step 6.** Infiltrate normal schools, teachers’ colleges and women’s colleges, from which so many public school teachers are recruited.

**Step 7.** Insert shrewdly into textbooks on government and political history and economics the collectivist slant.

**Step 8.** Infiltrate and capture the teachers’ unions and other teacher organizations to promote the revolutionary drive in education. (The Communists organized in the United States eighteen teacher-front organizations, sixteen school-front organizations, and eighty student leagues, councils, congresses, etc. — many of them national in scope.)

**Step 9.** Infiltrate college economics, social science, and history departments to slant the political think

ing of the coming generation of leaders.

**Step 10.** Infiltrate the editorial sanctums of book publishing houses. (This stratagem was carried out with incredible success, with indoctrinating Red poison inserted into books of fiction, economics, history, political science — even into dramas and poetry.)

**Step 11.** Capture the literary review departments in leading magazines and weekly newspapers, where possible, in order to boost collectivist books and damn or ignore books critical of collectivism.

**Step 12.** Infiltrate radio, television, moving pictures and the theater, where the sins of free enterprise, the crimes of business and the beauties of the collectivist society can be cleverly and dramatically inserted into the plot and the dialogue.

Steps 5 through 12 constitute a war on the mind in which the word “Communism” or “socialism” was never used and in which the Marxian philosophy was promoted under a variety of perfumed labels — one point at a time.

**Step 13.** Insert Communist organizers into farmers’ organizations as economists or publicity agents or legislative representatives to stimulate unrest and wrath against the existing order.

**Step 14.** Insert Communists and socialists of every hue into all possible labor organizations. (This was a major field of action after 1933. John Frey, vice-president of the

A. F. of L., spent three days reading to the old Dies Committee the lists of Reds who had gotten into positions of power or influence in the C.I.O.)

**Step 15.** Infiltrate the Social Security offices and supporting organizations, to play upon the aged, the unemployed and the sick, and transform these groups into vast armies of angry citizens clamoring for more and more government aid, while filling their minds and hearts with hatreds of the existing order.

**Step 16.** Work on the minds and arouse the passions and hatreds of various European racial groups in America through numerous Red-controlled front organizations.

**Step 17.** Keep up a continual drumbeat against the faults of private enterprise, while slyly extolling the “successes” of socialism in Britain and Communism in Russia.

**Step 18.** Work to put the Federal and state governments into business enterprises — with electric power the favorite. (This represents the most deadly attack on the system of free enterprise. It serves a double purpose: it weakens the fabric of private enterprise which must pay taxes and make up the losses of Government enterprises, while giving the Government power over industry.)

**Step 19.** Put the Government into banking, thus gaining great power — through credit — over businessman and farmer. (Government lending agencies have out-

standing loans of over seven billion dollars, while the Government is the biggest borrower at the private banks, using their resources for its socialist purposes.)

**Step 20.** Promote socialized medicine, which is designed not to improve the health of the nation but to capture the votes of the sick poor — but which, as proved in England, has resulted in the demoralization of medical and health services.

**Step 21.** Infiltrate the charitable foundations to use their funds for Red propaganda. (The whole Red Asiatic disaster was financed by the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations, and the Carnegie Foundation financed the socialist war on schools.)

**Step 22.** Weaken our whole economic system by progressive inflationary policies, thus discouraging saving and private investment; and by a policy of endless government borrowing, spend the nation into bankruptcy.

**Step 23.** Infiltrate the State Department so as to bedevil our foreign policy and shape it in the interest

of any country other than America.

**Step 24.** Finally, infiltrate every domestic department of the Government — giving revolutionary officials and their deputies the opportunity to use the funds and prestige of the Government to promote its own destruction.

THE devilish subtlety of all this lies in the fact that the Communist over-all plan for wrecking our American system never reveals openly its Communist label; never brands any of its objectives with the Communist trademark; promotes all in the interest of the “common man” of America; and uses our government machinery, our schools, our publications, our news agencies, our public officials and our money to carry forward the program for a socialist America. The Communist knows that the mild and so-called democratic socialism cannot work and that once we are penetrated by a heavy percentage of socialist operations, a ruthless Communist dictatorship will take over.



Communism does not propose to capture the bourgeois parliamentary state but to conquer and destroy it.

— *First Manifesto of the Communist Party in the United States*

Uneven economic and political development is an absolute law of capitalism. Hence, the victory of socialism is possible, first in a few or even one single capitalist country taken separately. — *Nikolai Lenin*



\*\*\*\*\*  
BY PAUL WHITEMAN, NOTED CONDUCTOR  
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# The Small Hotel Called Colligan's

MABEL left the twins to their own devices in the garden and sneaked into the bar by the back door. There she lapped up a couple of very dry martinis, a bourbon manhattan, and topped these off with a beer. Mabel then strolled into the dining room. She stuck her head over the shoulder of a dinner guest — who hadn't been doing too badly himself — and ate his salad. The guest looked at Mabel and paled. At that moment a very heavy-set gentleman by the nickname of Brandy moved into the picture. When Brandy tried to crawl into the guest's lap, down went Mabel, guest, table, and all. For "Mabel" is the most graceful, slickest looking piece of walking venison you ever saw and "Brandy" is an extremely affectionate Saint Bernard dog who weighs a mere two hundred and ten pounds. It was, of course, in Colligan's Inn at Stockton, New Jersey, some sixty-five miles from Manhattan — and probably the only spot in America where it could have happened.

It seems to me that all good Americana stories have their inception at an old stagecoach inn. Maybe the idea was born from thinking about my old friends and mile-away neighbors, William, Leonard, Edward, Charles, and John Colligan, and their sweet mother, Elizabeth, who operate Colligan's Inn. Maybe I'm just thinking of that gorgeous food — terrapin stews, venison steaks and chops, lobsters, and big potatoes dropped in a pot of boiling resin (you can buy resin in any hardware store) and left in the pot until they come to the surface. Maybe I'm not too wrong in my assumption about Americana and stagecoach inns. Rogers & Hart got their inspiration for *On Your Toes* at Colligan's, as well as the song, *There's a Small Hotel*, about the old wishing well. All the pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters tossed into the well are given to charity.

Andrew Johnson built the Inn on the old York road between New York and Philadelphia in 1832. It

was built of stone quarried at the site. Johnson drew the plans for the Inn, including a bar (the original is there), a dining room, fourteen bedrooms, and an upstairs dance hall where square and round dances were held on Saturday nights. In the old days, food was cooked in the dining room fireplace — and sometimes during the holiday seasons when “Ma” Colligan is in the mood, it is cooked in the old fireplace today.

The Inn was a favorite stagecoach stop for drummers (traveling salesmen to you). Fourteen drummers and their rigs could be accommodated. The very fine livery stable, just above the wishing well, had fourteen stalls. Back in the old days, a drummer could have his horse fed and bedded down, have his supper and breakfast — with morning oats for his horse — all for seventy-five cents. The very best whisky was three pennies for two ounces. Today you couldn’t even get off the parking lot for less than the old-time rate for a man and his horse! Dinners now range from \$2.25 to \$4.00. And drinks — well, that’s up to you.

The inn changed hands several times over the years. It was finally purchased by Enos Weiss (grandfather of the Colligans) in 1905 for \$3,500. Weiss, an Alsatian refugee, had arrived in New York with fourteen cents. That was back in 1873. He promptly made a wise investment of two beers and a hunk of free lunch. He married, and his daughter from this marriage, Eliza-

beth, in turn married William P. Colligan.

Since the Inn was opened in 1832, it hasn’t been closed for a single day — not even during Prohibition. During those wicked Prohibition days, “Bill” Colligan made the best damned applejack ever stilled in Jersey. It was so good that he got \$24 a gallon for it. And in the old original bar he had two taps — one for real beer, and one for “near” beer. But it was the Lindbergh case, the kidnaping and subsequent trial, that put the Inn on the map. Jack Clements (John A. Clements, now editor of the *AMERICAN MERCURY*) held secret meetings with an informant from the Hopewell household at the Inn. He was tailed there by other reporters and eventually it became a gathering place. During the trial of Hauptman, it became a headquarters for newsmen.

JUST the other day I saw Edgar Price in the dining room.

“How long have you been eating here?” I asked.

“Over forty years,” Ed answered. “But I’m a junior. Talk to Frank Johnson at that corner table.”

I strolled over to his table and asked the same question.

Johnson grinned and answered: “Boy and man, been eating here for over eighty years. My grandpappy opened this Inn back in 1832. There’s a few others around here been eating here longer — and none of us ever been poisoned — yet!”

# HOSPITAL *for* *Healthy* PEOPLE

By Raymond Varela

IF YOU happen to be so ill you can hardly hobble about the room, or if you are physically down to your last gasp, in fact if you are suffering from any of the nasty ailments that nature so freely bestows on mankind, there is one hospital that will cheerfully slam the door in your face! Not one of the many doctors on the staff will lift a finger to ease your pain, and not one of the attractive nurses will take pity on you in your plight.

I discovered this strange hospital last year while on a visit to Britain. During the course of this visit I had occasion to go to Liverpool. When my business had been concluded, I found myself with about five hours to spare before the next train pulled out from the Lime Street Station.

I wandered, rather aimlessly, to uptown Myrtle Street, a long, rather shabby thoroughfare, having a double set of snaking street car lines down its winding center. It is one of those streets that the Brit-

ish call "broken-down-has-beens."

There, half way along the street I came across the hospital, the Hospital of Preventive Medicine — in Liverpool known as the "35 Clinic."

To get into this hospital you have to fulfill two requirements: first, you have to be *healthy*; and second, you have to be thirty-five years of age.

The hospital was started by a group of doctors from the near-by Liverpool University Faculty of Medicine. Over a period of years the closely knit group of men and women formulated an interesting theory based on years of study of case histories. In simple terms this theory is that the "danger age" in men and women is thirty-five. It is at this age, the group maintains, that diseases and ailments commence their deadly work of undermining the human structure.

It was to test the validity of this theory effectively that the hospital was started some years ago. The hospital is run on a voluntary basis,

all the resident doctors and nurses giving their services free of charge.

As I mentioned earlier, if you are already sick or feeble of mind or infirm, they will not help you at all. The only people they are interested in are men and women of thirty-five who are apparently healthy. I say "apparently" because it is surprising, so the doctors say, how many such people are found to be in the first stages of some malignant disease. The fitter you look, the more anxious the doctors are to turn you inside out, as it were. They like nothing better than to meet the bronzed hulk of manhood who swaggers in with an air that screams "I dare you to find something wrong with me!" They frequently do, but that is another story.

AS THE only hospital of its kind in Britain it has a waiting list of people who wish to participate in the experiment.

Being myself a shade below the age limit, I had to be content just to peep inside the walls of the hospital. Each room is sub-divided into curtained cubicles marked *Heart, Lungs, Nose, Throat, Ear, Eye*, and so on.

The examination takes about four hours, I discovered. Each patient moves from one cubicle to another, carrying a detailed medical history sheet with him. Remarks and figures are marked in by each doctor after his examination.

The atmosphere is one of quiet enthusiasm, with doctors taking

care to emphasize the importance of the experiment to everyone who takes part. The record of each patient is carefully filed in the research department of the hospital and is available, with the consent of the person concerned, to the University Faculty of Medicine. This faculty is taking a considerable interest in the experiment as the data grows more extensive.

There is no compulsion either to take part in the experiment or to do anything about any disease that may be located. You are perfectly free — except in the case of Notifiable Diseases — to go on your way and let the ailment take care of you in its own deadly way. You are not obliged to take any advice given and, of course, the check-up is entirely free. If at any time you wish to give your own doctor the medical history sheet, you may do so providing you return it to the hospital for record purposes.

It may be some years before the data can be collated and then translated into a definite medical theory or conclusion. But already there are encouraging signs that the work being done there is eminently worthwhile. So far as is known, none of the patients known to be suffering from even a minor ailment has ignored it.

So if you are ever in Liverpool, England, and feeling right on top of the world, just drop in at the "35 Clinic" — they may have a surprise for you!

# DON'T CRY, JOE!

IS YOUR wife becoming an amazon? Are you a man with feminine characteristics? Don't scream "No" and try to hit me! It could be. As a matter of fact, chances are that *she* is and *you* are.

The biggest, most ironical paradox today is this: that with all our material comforts, our high standard of living, our prized independence and personal freedom of action for both sexes, we have never been so insecure individually and as a people in this big, rich, powerful, and bountifully-endowed United States.

How do I know? Easy. The all-important clue is in the success of the self-pitying pop songs; the deluge of weepy ballads; the hero worship of the male microphone moaners who beat their breasts, mew and yowl, as they cry, cry, cry; and the rage for disc jockeys who spin the weepers' records.

The men with the explanation of the paradox are the psychiatrists. They've been studying women's increasing defeminizing aggressiveness

and man's retreat from his normal male dominance for years, long before Johnny Ray began to cry his way into millions, and Eddie Fisher started walking behind a girl at her wedding — in song, of course.

The way to financial success these days in the song writing and record business is as plainly marked as the green line down the middle of New York's Fifth Avenue on St. Patrick's Day: you've got to be

— or write about — a guy who loses his best girl and sobs his heart out.

The most offensively self-pitying current pop tunes are such mawkish maunderings as: *I'm the King of Broken Hearts*; *My Heart Cries For You*; *There's No Tomorrow*; and the latest little horror, *Crying in the Chapel*. This is a hillbilly song, got out by a little firm in Tennessee, that became an overnight sensation because it's about a fellow who gets happy crying in a chapel. The British Broadcasting Corporation won't let it on their air waves. It's banned in Britain.

Before these we had: *Teardrops on*

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By Irene  
Corbally Kuhn

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*My Pillow; Cry, Baby, Cry; Crying Myself Asleep; The Little White Cloud That Cried; Cry My Heart; Crying for Joy; Crying My Heart Out for You; Must I Cry Again?; I Cried At Your Wedding; Don't Cry; Cry, Cry, Cry;* and just plain *Cry*. Then there are *With All My Tears for You* and *Pour Me a Glass of Teardrops*.

Paul Kapp, brother of the late president of Decca Records and a clever young composer-publisher with a lively and healthy sense of humor, dashed off a little number which he titled *Baby Please Kill Me*, a satire on the tear-songs because, he said, with refreshing male normalcy, "I was fed up with all the crying."

It seems ridiculous that a fine young singer like Eddie Fisher, with a war record in Korea, should win his greenest vocal laurels and the mostest money with a bleating ballad like *I'm Walking Behind You*. Taken seriously, sermons could be preached about the theme of this song that suggests to the bride on her way up to the altar that heck, she should worry about marriage vows; she doesn't have to bother about making her marriage work. Her rejected old boy friend is right there, stepping on her train, waiting around the corner from the honeymoon bower to take her back into his arms in case her groom irks her. At its face value, it's just another moan from another male moron. It's got so, though, that even the puppets are in the act. Recently, on Bill and

Cora Baird's TV show, a long-eared, sad-eyed dog was discovered crying his heart out. It was Eddie Fisher's voice singing (as if you didn't know!) *I'm Walking Behind You*, but the words came out of the pup's mouth as he sat behind his cat sweetheart in wedding veil while she was being married to another dog. The clever Bairds, who are among the top puppeteers in the country, could only have put this on TV with tongue in cheek.

**B**UT OF all the self-pitying melodies that saturate the air today the worst are those songs built around the tragedy of the soldier in Korea or elsewhere abroad who gets the "Dear John" letter from his sweetheart telling him she's found another guy and here's his ring back and his picture and good luck John, you schmoe! On a lavish national TV show not long ago the male singing star came on the set — a typical army camp in Korea — to find a woebegone character in soldier's uniform sitting dejectedly with just such a letter in his hands. You'd have thought it was a couple of girls in a boarding school dorm, because Singer told Soldier, "Go ahead and cry; you'll feel *much* better if you cry!" And to help open the fellow's tear ducts he himself went into one of the crying ballads.

It's a wonder all the men who have ever worn the American uniform didn't set fire to the two actors who portrayed the brave, tough,



hard-fighting American GI as such softies and mama's boys.

This one-man-singing-to-another stuff and urging him to have a good cry, must certainly confuse foreigners about our vaunted strength as a nation and the maleness of our men. Our native eggheads who worry about Senator Joe McCarthy's giving America a bad name abroad had better turn their viewing-with-alarm apparatus in the direction of the songwriters, publishers, vocalists, and TV producers of the just-mentioned little horror. For here is the clue to a national illness that should be treated seriously and not dismissed with an embarrassed "it-can't-happen-here."

The psychiatrists say there is much to be alarmed about.

One of them, Dr. Stanley R. Dean, of Stamford, Connecticut, a Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association, says our basic insecurity is so great that we are regressing to an infantile pattern where mama comforts, mama punishes, mama wipes the tears away. We are so insecure that our desire to be solaced by mama is proportionately so intense that men are indulging themselves in that desire at the risk of symbolic castration.

Dr. Dean reviewed the whole situation, pointing out that when people are in bondage a long time and get free they have a tendency to overdo things, to turn freedom into license. Modern woman is out of bondage to man now. She is no

longer entirely dependent on men economically as she was once; nor even socially, really. At least not entirely so. She was freed from her dependence on men by man's invention of labor-saving devices which reduced the time and effort needed for her work at home. Then men gave women the vote. The laws in this country have not only given women equality with men, they have let women have their equality cake and eat it, too. So what has happened? Women are taking advantage of their new-found freedom; they are demanding more and more. The more they demand the more aggressive they become, the less feminine. The more men yield to women's demands the less masculine *they* become. So, as men move further and further toward self-castration, so do women become more and more like men — more phallic, is the scientific term for it.

**W**HY DO MEN cry in songs? Because women like to see it and encourage men to do it. It reveals the man's dependence on them in all stages, infancy, adolescence and finally — and it's too bad, too — in maturity, which is all wrong and against nature.

What can be done about it? Dr. Dean's opinion is that nothing can be done about it. Nothing, that is, until family balance is restored and man assumes his proper place as the real head of the family. There must be family solidity and family unity.

In pioneer days, the child got up in the morning with his parents, he exchanged ideas with them, and he went to bed the same time they did. The child was an integral part of the family unit, sharing responsibilities early, growing to maturity at the proper time and in the way nature ordained.

But in the modern world the child is isolated from the adult world almost completely. We seem to pay more attention to children than we used to; in fact, we appear to be preoccupied with them, and their needs and their welfare. But actually, there is greater separation between the child and its parents than ever before.

The father and mother today dress up and go off on their own and the child is left with a baby-sitter. If the child has any real contact with the adult world it is mainly through television. There he sees and hears about adult actions, adult behavior. If what he sees is unsuitable for him it is because he has had no preparation for understanding what he sees adults doing and hears them saying. Dr. Dean pointed out that women are much more important politically and economically today than they ever were. They go out to work, they make speeches, they star in athletics and get their pictures in the papers. They are idolized in song and story. Well, all that just enhances the importance of woman — the mother — to the child.

Then, too, in almost every child's

life today, his father is away in the Army for a long time. With the father absent and only the mother around, naturally, the woman acquires more stature. Wars, bloodshed, violence, all the macabre horrors of mechanized living and dying, are associated by the child with man; and he has, therefore, a sordid and more or less impersonal relationship with man — and his father is a man, isn't he?

The psychiatrist's view is that the herd instinct is such that we want to be like the most important people around; so that if the father is a negligible factor when present, or is away for long periods, it follows that the child's mother is the most important person in his world and he wants to be like her. All crying and weeping is the immature act of childhood, the symbol of the strongest link in the child's dependence on his mother, the means by which he solicits and gets her love and comfort and attention; and so man's castration complex is firmly cemented in the self-pitying, crying songs and bleating melodies current today.

A long time ago Andrew Fletcher, a seventeenth century character who lived in Saltoun, wrote a letter to his friend the Marquis of Montrose and said he knew a man who believed if he could make the songs of a nation he didn't care who made its laws. Songs are pretty important sociologically today. We ought to pass a law against crying to music.

# THE PBY IS TWENTY YEARS OLD

By A. A. Hoehling



NEXT to the turkey buzzard, the veteran PBY Catalina is probably the most durable thing with wings. While a new breed of jet plane can become obsolete almost as soon as it has been test flown, the Navy's famed flying boat continues to plod stoically on. Still in Naval and Coast Guard use for air-sea rescue and training, it is also doing yeoman service for a variety of civilian masters.

From Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, lobster companies fly their catches in them to Portland and Boston. In the jungles of South America and Africa, missionaries find these lumbering flying machines a dependable ally in bringing light into darkness. In other out-of-the-way places the same aircraft can be spotted, often drab and battered, hauling freight and passengers.

This year, the great old performer of World War II's far-flung fighting fronts is twenty years old. In many ways her fame surpasses even that other workhorse, the DC-2. While the helicopter wrote its own pages of aeronautical history in Korea, this

"barge with wings" has left exploits in her wake which probably will never be equalled — patroller, rescuer, snooper on many Pacific horizons. Out of reach of enemy guns, she was also dive-bomber, fighter, a slightly bulbous, sluggish but nonetheless spirited avenging eagle, nemesis of thousands of tons of enemy shipping, pot-shotter at unwary Japanese ground troops.

Low-flying, often noisy, they were a familiar sight during the war to cities on both coasts and along the Gulf of Mexico. And they brought their own type of heart-warming beauty to countless survivors of torpedoed ships, downed airmen in shark-infested waters and others in need of speedy help. In a pinch they could — and did — pack literally dozens of survivors into their utilitarian, spacious hulls.

The big flying boat was born in the shops of the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, in San Diego. The company turned out 2,783 of them, while many others were built under license.

Its 104-foot wingspan and 130

mph. cruising speed made it quite a big, fast aircraft in 1933. Its gross weight of eighteen tons was something, too. For a power plant it had two 1,200 hp. Pratt and Whitney engines, and its cruising range of 3,000 miles left no doubt in the Navy's collective mind that here was a plane it could love, honor and cherish.

**B**EFORE long the Catalina became a legend. Forced into roles for which it was never intended, the PBY soon accumulated its own Bunyonese lore.

Consider the war record of Patrol Bombing Squadron 54. In the course of a long combat tour it flew from over forty Pacific bases, rescued 237 wounded men, pilots and Philippine guerrillas, and had the audacity to attack a Japanese task force of battleships, cruisers and destroyers.

On the night of December 26, 1944, Squadron 54 was ordered to send three planes with 500-pound bombs and attack the force of two battleships, one heavy cruiser, and five destroyers which was shelling Mindoro. Only two of the "Cats" got through to the targets, the other drifting away from the flight in the foul weather through which the pilots had to fly on instruments.

Kenneth J. Sanger, the squadron's commander, flew five hours before finding the Jap fleet. He dove his flying-boat through the anti-aircraft barrage for the cruiser.

Three of his bombs, near misses, shook and jolted the dodging ship. The fourth exploded thunderously on her bow.

Returning home from this attack, one of Commander Sanger's alert crewmen sighted life rafts in the water. The skipper made a water landing and picked up twelve crew members of a downed flying boat. After the crew had climbed into their rafts, they had been bombed and strafed by enemy aircraft, one man being wounded seriously. He died before the PBY made home base.

Operating earlier, from Leyte Gulf, "54" pilots calmly landed their "Cats" alongside enemy-held islands to rescue downed pilots, wounded soldiers, and Filipino guerrillas. On December 31, before the invasion of Luzon, Commander Sanger landed his plane near that island, rescued eight pilots and a wounded Army sergeant who had been working with the guerrillas.

On another occasion, one of the squadron's PBY's was forced down at sea eighty miles from its base in the Admiralty Islands. Unable to regain enough power for a take-off, the plane's crew taxied it through rough sea for eighty miles back to its base—a record for long distance taxiing, probably not surpassed to this day.

Another pilot, Lieutenant F. W. Sinclair, after flying reconnaissance through some of the world's worst weather in the Aleutians, was trans-

ferred to warmer climes — in the Marshalls. He was on a “Dumbo,” or rescue mission, one evening after a B-25 Mitchell bomber had been shot down twenty miles off Jaluit.

Nearly dark when he arrived at the scene, the evening was suddenly punctuated by pistol flashes. The survivors were signaling from rubber life rafts, tossed by heavy seas.

It was quite a feat to bring the big plane down on the rough water, and in failing light. Water landings at best are hazardous, because of lack of altitude perception, and many students have lost their lives practicing even under ideal conditions. But Sinclair was successful, in spite of fifteen-foot swells.

The cold, drenched survivors were quickly hauled aboard the plane, but it was too dark and rough to attempt a take-off. They had to wait for morning — while Army and Navy flyers alike became seasick.

Come morning, and a happy ending — the PBV got off and returned safely to base.

ENSIGN Troy Beavers had been out on search patrol when the weather closed in. Unable to land at his base or find an opening in the “front,” he kept circling. He found a break in the storm over an enemy-occupied atoll and decided to set down. Gas was low and a Jap-lagoon landing was preferable to setting “Dumbo” down in the storm-lashed sea.

He brought his “Black Cat” in

low over the lagoon with landing lights on, keeping clear of the sharp coral heads that could rip the metal hull like paper. Landing safely, he snapped off the wing lights and taxied back to the less dangerous end of the enemy harbor. He cut the motors.

In the meantime, the Japanese had turned on the lights at their sea-plane ramp, evidently assuming the plane to be one of their own. Signals winked insistently. One of the crew, a gunner, tossed out the sea anchors. The others set up watches by the guns in the blister, the tunnel hatches and in the nose, where the bombardier is normally positioned. They waited.

After a time the Japs caught on. The lights went out. Later the clanking of small boats sounded. But the night was black and the Catalina blended with the darkness. With the first gray streaks of dawn they took off, zoomed in low over the enemy garrison, wagged black wings in insult and headed for home.

Another famous Squadron, No. 52, was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for destroying or disabling more than 90,000 tons of Japanese warships and merchantmen from Midway Islands to the Bismarck Sea. It sank a 19,000-ton tanker and an 8,000-ton merchant ship, and severely damaged two Japanese cruisers and four destroyers. Its combat operations saw the squadron based at Canton, Midway and Johnston Islands, in the Central Pacific, Aus-

ustralia, New Guinea, the Solomons, the Admiralties and Biak.

The war ended, but not the usefulness of the Cats — and probably much to the surprise of the War Assets Administration.

The U.S. Rubber Development Corporation was the first to cast the PBY's in their new role of commercial cargo planes to get rubber from inaccessible jungle regions of Colombia and Peru. These strange-appearing aircraft were able to take off from land, pick up their loads from the waterways in the interior and operate as economically as a land plane.

The Barrier Reef Airways in Australia began a regular twice-weekly air service to Heron Island. It reduced to two hours what had formerly been a tedious 21-hour journey by train and boat.

In the summer of 1947, the Noracon Exploration Company of Canada had three huge areas to study in Quebec Province and in widely separated parts of Labrador. Not even the crudest flying facilities existed in the interior. Noracon solved the problem with a fleet of PBY's converted to sleep six people.

THEY are effective not only in the north, but in the south. A major oil company uses them in Colombia and Venezuela to aid in the constant search for new oil fields. Before the advent of the Cats, it was a perilous, 12-day journey by boat, railroad, truck and boat (in that order) from Bogota to arrive at drilling sites.

What's more the big flying boats take off from Bogota's nearly two-mile-high airport with a four-ton payload. On their three- or four-hour flights they clear mountains towering as high as 16,000 feet.

Foreign governments, fisheries and charter operators, on this continent, in Europe and in the Far East, all are using Cats to their advantage. One charter operator in New Guinea reports he used his Catalina to keep a geological expedition in the country's interior entirely supplied with food and other essentials. Every few months, tons of food are carried in. The last haul of fourteen and one-half tons is expected to last for some time.

The capacious old planes seem to have been made to order for regions where airports are scarce, distances great and waterways plentiful. In effect they carry their airports with them, under their wings. They are the only planes in today's market with a ten-ton payload that can operate in the backwoods of the world where waterways constitute the sole landing space available.

Today the Babb Company, of Glendale, California, has all rights to the Catalinas. At quite a variety of prices, they will sell you a PBY, stripped down for hunting or hauling tuna, or beautifully plushed up with bunks, easy chairs, an executive's desk, lavatory and — bar.

Far from being ready for the boneyard, the Cats — as one pilot put it — continue to meow, lustily!



# THE CAPTIVE BREEZE



*By Joy M. Collins*



HERE is the path where the captive breeze lives. Between tall trees its cool length stretches. Beyond the trees, the wide fields spread themselves beneath the ever-changing skies, unto the distant mountains. Close to the path, the tiny wild flowers of springtime listen to the soft voice of the breeze as she sings of her beautiful captivity. And when the blossom trees have thrown petal-pink confetti at the wedding of spring and summer, the song is borne out into the fields. Its notes quiver across a feathered field of barley and hearing them, the golden-eared corn bows low.

The song is to the memory of a night of wondrous glory. Its singing to each new thing that grows close to the path is the choice of the captive breeze above the wandering of the world.

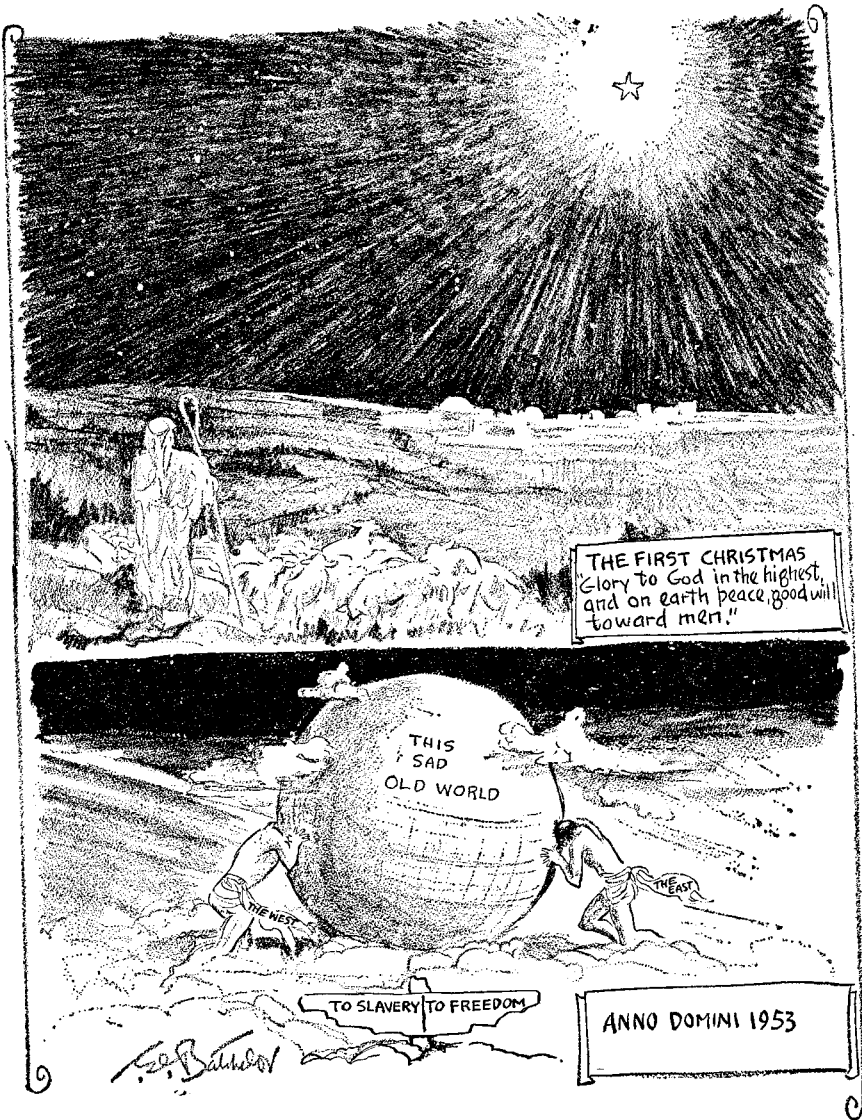
The glory and the wonder of which the breeze sings happened many years ago, but the breeze has not forgotten. She remembers the night on which she came softly over the sleeping countryside to this quiet path. There was a sacred silence here. On either side of the path, tree trunks were soaring pillars to support a roof of leafy branches, whose moving shadows made a flickering

music upon the ground. Between the trees, pale flowers glowed wanly as candles in the dim interior of some old church. Beyond the path from the blue dome of night hung the sanctuary lamp of the moon.

And then, dressed in a garment more shining than the purity of the moon's light, a figure entered the path. With even, gentle steps He came. He did not touch the wild flowers, nor lay His hands upon the cool bark of the trees, but His sad eyes beheld them all. Were they a little less sad then?

Did He Who made the trees to grow and for Whose death one tree was made to die find a little peace among the beauties of His Own creation?

This is the memory held in the song of the captive breeze. For this has she ever lingered by the path. Lest the young flowers that bloom with each new year should ever droop their heads in slumber at the coming on of night; lest the scarlet poppies should ever blow too wantonly in the nearby fields; lest the falling leaves should ever make this sacred path untidy; lest the glory of that night should ever be forgotten; lest He should ever come to walk between the trees again.



By Harry T. Brundidge

# ROAD TO ETERNITY

IT WAS a balmy day at the end of last March and the air was soft with the hint of spring. Sunshine had chased the snows from the gaunt foothills of the Poconos. The brown woods on the hillsides were pushing out traces of fugitive green, heralding the bursting of dogwood blossoms.

Clarence Matlock, a young farmer of Silver Lake, New Jersey, surveyed the scene, breathed deeply, and found it good. About him his four young children danced and pulled. Mrs. Matlock, his pretty wife, had the baby, their fifth child, in her arms. His mother and his two sisters were trying to keep the children under control while Matlock brought out his new automobile. They were driving into nearby Washington, New Jersey, on a spring shopping spree.

Matlock parked in front of the porch.

"How," laughed his wife, "are we going to get ten people in this car?"

"It's a cinch," said Matlock. "The adults hold the excess juniors on their laps."

They piled in and Matlock headed for Highway 69, and Washington.

They chatted, planned spring clothing for the kids, seeds for planting, and a new house dress. Passengers in passing automobiles said the Matlocks were gayly singing as they drove down the small mountainside and rounded the bend (a sharp curve) and started up Tunnel Hill.

At that moment and at the exact spot where scores of accidents had happened in the past — and many have since — there was a screaming of brakes and the agonized screaming of women and children. A truck, empty, was attempting to pass a loaded truck *even though the view of the narrow road ahead was blocked by the sharp curve*. "God!" shrieked the driver of the empty truck as he tried to get back on his side of the

road. It was too late. He plowed into Matlock's car and mashed it like a stepped-on bug.

Passing motorists stopped, and attendants at the gasoline station on top of the hill came racing down . . . soon sirens sounded . . . police cars and ambulances arrived . . . one by one they began to disentangle the mangled bodies of adults and little boys and girls . . . one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight . . . a strong policeman wept and vomited . . . nine and now a tenth, a little girl who breathed her last en route to a hospital.

The pitiful, battered bodies were spread out along the grassy embankment. Women removed their slips and men contributed topcoats to cover all that was left of them while awaiting conveyances to remove them to various undertakers. Some women fainted, and were stretched out alongside the bodies.

*Ten people — three generations — had been wiped out in the worst single car highway accident in the nation's history.* Ten caskets — five little white ones, five black ones, were transported to their graves a few days later in a drizzling rain. The little town of Washington declared a day of mourning, and thousands watched the cortege move from the city. Sure, the driver of that empty truck, twenty-one-year-old John J. Scarantino, *not licensed to drive* in New Jersey, was punished — a sentence of two to three years at hard labor. That's the story of why they

now call Highway 69 the "Road to Eternity."

WHAT happened to the Matlock family (except for the extraordinarily large number of crushed bodies removed from the broken remains of the car) is typical of what is happening every day on the highways of our nation. A spokesman for the National Safety Council says *trucks were involved in accidents resulting in 9,300 fatalities — 21 per cent of the 45,300 persons killed in motor vehicle accidents — in 1952.* Trucking associations say they are doing everything possible to reduce this percentage. But are they? Drive from New York to California, and what do you see besides the scenery? Hundreds of trucks parked along the highways, or at truck "coffee" stations, with the drivers catching a few winks, taking fresh shots of keep-awake caffeine citrate — openly sold on the highways. It's the same picture from Boston to Miami, from New Orleans to Los Angeles, from Los Angeles to Seattle. The writer's car was once crashed by a truck driving on the wrong side of Highway 40 a few miles east of Richmond, Indiana. My wife, and my dog, up-ended in a ditch. The apology of the driver was that he had been on the road over twenty hours, and fell asleep.

In the opinion of Frank E. Palmieri, a former truck inspector for the Interstate Commerce Commission, the truck accident toll on the nation's highways could be cut in half

if "teeth" were put into the ICC laws. Palmieri pointed out that the Motor Carrier Act, which went into effect in 1935, "is nothing but a joke." In the entire country, he said, there are only twenty-two inspectors charged with enforcing Federal laws relating to trucking, and such inspectors do not have the power to detain drivers or trucks for inspection purposes or make arrests or issue summonses for violations.

It is easy to put the icy finger on those who are responsible for such wholesale slaughters as that of the Matlock family — our Federal Government, the states, municipalities, counties and townships. But finding the cure is something else. Lloyd Fisher, famous attorney and former prosecutor of Hunterdon County, New Jersey, commenting on the Matlock case, but speaking for the nation, summed it up this way: "There is but one answer: strict law enforcement." Fisher described a highway in his county with a record of over 250 deaths in twenty years; and how, when he took office, he installed a noon-to-midnight patrol of eight police cars. "There was not a single death on that highway for two years," he said, "but saloons along the highway brought about enough political pressure to get the

patrol cars off the road. What about your own state?"

John H. Pursel, Warren County prosecutor who put Scarantino in prison in the Matlock case, asserted that "it would be wise for every state in the nation to make them [the truck drivers] keep logs of their trips and permit only so many hours of continuous driving."

Here is an excerpt from a statement of Matthew J. Bolger of the National Safety Council: ". . . we are all familiar with . . . the truck crawling uphill at six miles an hour, stacking up a long line of vehicles behind it until the inevitable impatient passenger driver pulls out of line and collision results. Then once the crest is reached by the truck we find it becoming a fearsome menace of another sort, racing downhill at breakneck speed and not only frightening oncoming traffic but creating a mental hazard for those behind it."

When the foregoing paragraph was read to a friendly filling station attendant atop Tunnel Hill, he said:

"Mister, the guy forgot to write a line saying 'and racing trucks trying to pass each other.' Want to see a good accident? Just drive down to the foot of the hill — right at the bend — but get your car clear off the highway."

» People must be restrained and restrained by inexorable force. In abating this evil, I would rather spend a million dollars on more cops than on more highways.

— *Raymond Moley*

By DR. J. W NECKERS and ED HAHESEY



# Where Are Tomorrow's Scientists?

THE declining number of young recruits for the fields of engineering, chemistry and physics may eventually cost America its world leadership.

From a military standpoint, the situation is already nearing the critical stage. Even if our country remains out of a full-scale war, we cannot expect to continue as pacesetters in advancing science for improved living.

These observations are not the conjectures of a prophet. They are grim facts. In all fields of science next year, there will be twenty-nine thousand college graduates compared with seventy-five thousand in 1950. By 1955, there will be only half the 1950 number of college seniors getting degrees in chemistry. This year, only ten prospective chemists are coming out of one of the Big Ten schools which has an enrollment of ten thousand students.

Corporations have been spending thousands of dollars to advertise their needs for young engineers. A survey by the Engineering Manpower Commission indicates that

176 business and industrial concerns could fill only 68 per cent of their openings with the 1952 graduates of our engineering colleges.

Scientific contributions like the atomic bomb have been the major reasons for America's military effectiveness during the past ten years. Physicists have also given our Armed Forces radar, robot planes and proximity fuses — to name only a few developments. Engineers have made rapid strides in the fields of jet propulsion, rockets and guided missiles. Chemists have perfected high octane gasoline, napalm and synthetic medicines.

How can this level of achievement possibly continue without fresh, unstereotyped minds to keep us in the military vanguard? It is interesting to note that the basic research and experimentation on the atomic bomb was done largely by men under thirty-five years old, chosen because they were up-to-date on current scientific knowledge.

To keep up the rate of engineering progress that has marked the last decade with such phenomena as

television, Cinerama, and flight faster than sound, an estimated thirty thousand engineering graduates are needed each year. The fact is there will be only thirty-six thousand graduates in the next two years.

**W**HY are fewer and fewer students choosing careers in science?

Many a college freshman has avoided science courses because they require hard work and persistence. Some recent changes in the attitudes of educators make this factor a greater deterrent than ever.

In many cases, a switch in educational emphasis in the secondary schools is failing to equip the student entering college for a rugged science curriculum. High school systems are often more interested in the student's "social adjustments" and "personality patterns." There is too much teaching down to the common denominator, leaving the superior student unchallenged. When he reaches college, he does not have the ability to cope with anything so formidable as physics or chemistry.

It is not the student's fault that he has been cast into a mold of mediocrity. If he has the I.Q. of 115 which he needs for the science fields, he can float through high school without getting much attention from the teachers who are more concerned with "problem students." Why aren't the brilliant pupils singled out for leadership training,

instead of concentrating on "followership" for all?

The president of the New York State English Council puts it this way: "The unendowed youngsters may be kept from the prisons because of our special attention, but the gifted students may save our civilization."

Many times the teacher shortage can be blamed. Due to the lure of higher salaries for scientists in industry, the high school may have to draft the football coach to teach chemistry. The instructor who conducts math classes, particularly in smaller schools, may have taken his degree in languages, speech or physical education. These "displaced" teachers don't make good counselors for students who may have some science ability.

The military program of this country has also cut into the ranks of potential scientists. Youths who go to college today tend to pick the easiest courses to avoid flunking out of school and into the Army. Even the more intelligent students are sometimes discouraged. They reason, with some justification, that the draft will catch them as soon as they leave college and the Army will ignore their background. They remember their brothers with master's degrees in science who were trained by the Army as quartermaster clerks. So why bother with a tough course like engineering?

Today, there is not enough that is "selective" about Selective Serv-



ice. It seems that the Armed Forces could make better use of their talented personnel.

In this regard, revision of military policy might be in order. With scientific pre-eminence essential for national safety, the establishment of a "Science Corps" at the college level would give the Armed Forces competently trained men who would be immediately available upon graduation for work which suited their abilities.

Members of such a corps could be given a distinctive uniform, train with the ROTC while they are in college, but be allowed to concentrate on scientific studies. They could be required to serve the government at least two years after graduation. These two years might include three months of basic training, followed by twenty-one months' work on atomic energy projects, in proving grounds, or in vital industries. At the end of his enlistment period, the corps member would revert to civilian status on a reserve basis.

MANY professional societies are already doing their part to alleviate the shortage of scientists. They are inviting high school teachers and outstanding students to dinners or exhibits where the rewards of scientific careers are discussed. They are staging science fairs, or contributing speakers and literature to school programs. In this type of constructive labor, we might cite

the Future Scientists of America Foundation and the Westinghouse Talent Search.

Parents, high school teachers and guidance experts would do well to be more enthusiastic about directing youngsters who have some inclination for the science field. This encouragement should be given just as freely to girls as to boys. Ten years ago, employers with science jobs available might have discriminated against a woman candidate. This is no longer true, but relatively few women have taken advantage of science opportunities.

And the opportunities are unlimited. In 1900, General Electric employed one engineer for every two hundred and fifty employees. To keep abreast of competition and assure constant mechanical and electrical improvements, the company now has one engineer for every twenty-five employees. The same sort of ratios can be quoted for other science fields. (The Dupont Company spent \$47,000,000 for research alone last year.) But the poor seeding conditions in many high schools, plus the withering prospect of unrewarding Army service after college, threatens a real crop failure.

The task of replenishing the supply of scientists is not an academic one. The welfare of every American is involved. If we lose our leadership in scientific know-how, the direct results can be counted in terms of profit and loss, progress and decline, victory and defeat.

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# OUT OF THE *RECORD*

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***By William Woods***

A PUBLICATION with five hundred and thirty-one editors ought to be different — and it is. Nowhere does freedom of authorship flourish as in the *Congressional Record*, daily chronicle of what is said by our senators and representatives. Any congressman can write his own headline and nobody ventures to cut or reject his manuscript.

Don't set down the *Record* as a dry and dusty listing of bills proposed, official promotions, "pork barrel" projects and such. It contains all these and other necessary facts of governmental life, of course. But it has brighter pages. Those who plow through its grim-looking columns are often rewarded with gems of humor.

The reader of the *Record* may, in fact, get more than Congress does. As in May, 1952, when New York's Senator Herbert Lehman declared: "I am sorry, Mr. President, that as is usual, the junior senator from Minnesota and I are talking to empty chairs. . . ."

But neither the junior senator from New York nor the junior senator from Minnesota, Hubert Humphrey, was deterred from

going on by the lack of an audience.

No matter who sits or doesn't sit to hear the speeches of senators and representatives, clerks take it all down "for the *Record*." More than that, speeches made at banquets, clambakes or party rallies and not in the national legislature also get into the *Record*, in an Appendix devised to set down for posterity whatever the congressmen would like there.

On some of the items are highly interesting headlines, even if too long for ordinary newspaper or magazine use, such as "Pendergastian Philosophy Purposely Pounded to Pollute the Public with Phony Political Patronizing Propaganda," over an article in which Representative Gordon McDonough, California, had some differences with a well-known piano player and citizen of Independence, Missouri, and "The Voice of America has Laryngitis," Representative James T. Patterson's headline view of the State Department as seen from his Connecticut constituency.

Last year there was the pratfall, as a forecaster, of the senator, here mercifully nameless, who told the

world in the last issue of the *Record* in 1952, that "I have come here to Oshkosh to tell you that, as I read the political signs, we Democrats can and will win in November . . ."

OF COURSE, all is not sweetness and light and humor. Just as real as any newspaper editor's nightmare was the incident recounted by Senator Spessard Holland, who made a speech in which he referred to a certain high-placed administrator and his work, saying the "office is now filled by an able man, Mr. So-and-so." What came out in the *Record* was a statement that the office "is *not* filled," etc.

One of the long-time leading players in our national scene is missing from Congress this year, and the *Record* is not the same minus the salty remarks of the voluntarily-retired Senator Tom Connally of Texas.

For instance, Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper, an Iowa Republican, asked: "Mr. President, will the senator from Texas yield for a question?" They always politely ask if they *may* interrupt, while they *do* it.

Mr. Connally (goes the *Record*): "Just one?"

Mr. Hickenlooper: "Just one."

Mr. Connally: "I know the senator is as full of questions as a dog is of fleas. But go ahead."

Another veteran no longer appearing as a member in the columns of the *Record* is Senator McKellar

of Tennessee, who has also played in many big legislative scenes. In one of his last, he appealed for public power projects, proclaiming; "I have always voted with the senator not only for Ice Harbor but for every dam project in the country. . . . The senator from Washington need have no fears about my support when his dam bill comes up." He hastened to explain, amid the laughter: "I do not mean d-a-m-n!"

If you want to order the *Congressional Record*, that's a process as unusual as the publication itself. You can, for example, buy it sort of "by the piece," ordering it from the Superintendent of Documents in Washington at one cent for each eight sheets. Thus if one day's *Record*, complete, reaches 80 pages, you pay 10 cents for the copy.

The *Record* costs the taxpayers around \$85 a page, more or less, depending upon the volume of printing and the pressure for time. In the 1952 session, running from January 8, to July 7, the *Record* carried 14,598 pages and cost around \$1,226,158.

Incidentally, in that figure we see another manifestation of democracy at work. In the preceding year, congressmen filled 21,402 pages with talk, statistics, literature and fluff. Cost, \$1,807,768. Thus, in 1952, Congress talked less. Yet in 1952, Congress passed more laws than in the longer session of 1951.

More work and less talk marked an election year.



BY PETER J. STEINCROHN, M.D.

# Maybe Your Heart Trouble's Imaginary

HAVE you been concerned about your heart lately? Are you sure it's heart trouble? And, worse still, do you think you are about to die?

If so, you will agree that you can't have peace of mind or peace of soul without peace of heart.

Then take heart! Maybe it *isn't* your heart!

I examined a patient last week, who had *all* the common symptoms: chest pain, skip, palpitation, indigestion, shortness of breath, ankle swelling, murmur, and exhaustion. Yet, her heart was normal. Doctors will tell you that this is not unusual.

Although there are approximately nine million cases of *real* cardiovascular disease in the United States, I estimate that there are at least fifteen million persons who suffer from imaginary heart trouble. Three out of four patients who come to my office (and those of most doctors) *thinking* they have heart trouble have normal hearts.

What are the reasons for imaginary heart trouble? And what can we

do about it? The following actual case histories will help set you straight about yourself.

I remember one woman who had a pressing, burning pain in her left chest that was severe enough to prevent sleep. "I'm sure it's my heart," she said. Not until shingles broke out on her left side a few days later was she convinced that her heart was normal.

There was Mr. Smith, formerly a calm and placid businessman, who telephoned excitedly one morning: "Doctor, I've got to see you right away. I've been having pains in my left chest since last night. It's right over my heart — and getting worse."

When he walked in a half hour later, this thirty-five-year-old, six-foot, 200-pounder was as pale, docile and apprehensive as diminutive Mr. Milquetoast. He was fearful this was his last hour on earth. His examination was negative. We traced his pain to wood-chopping the day before. He readily accepted a diagnosis of muscle sprain.

Chest pain is the commonest of heart symptoms. If patients did not know the difference between left and right, the incidence of imaginary heart trouble would drop precipitately. Most anxious persons describe their "heart pain" in the following terms: "Dull ache" — "It pricks like a needle" — "It lasts only a few seconds" — "It hurts all day" — "Jabs like lightning" — "It's right over my heart."

On the contrary, pain due to *real* heart disease is not a common symptom. Except for the unmistakable severe pains of coronary occlusion and angina pectoris — and in occasional patients with heart-valve disease — most patients with *real* heart disease do not suffer pain.

Do you recall the "stitch in the side" you got as a child? And how you forgot about it when the discomfort passed? Somehow, too many of us grown-ups persist in translating similar innocuous pain into real heart disease.

Another common complaint of imaginary heart trouble sufferers is palpitation. I have heard patients say: "I'm afraid to go to sleep. Whenever I lie on my left side I can feel my heart thumping against the mattress. It scares me so I'm afraid I won't wake up the next morning." Most often, such thumping has no greater significance than the rapid heart-beating you experience after running for a bus or taking the stairs two at a time.

Another frightening experience for hundreds of thousands of individuals is the onset and persistence of heart skips. Here is a typical case history given by a woman of 44: "I never worried about my heart until two nights ago. Just before I finished reading and was about to turn off the bed light, my heart suddenly stopped. It seemed to turn over in my throat and thump my chest. I thought it was its last beat. I almost died of fright waiting for the next one. The heart-beat came within a second but it seemed like hours of waiting. Instead of calling out to my husband I fought off the fear and finally fell asleep. For the past 24 hours the skips have been coming more often. I'm convinced, doctor, that my heart is beginning to give out."

Complete cardiac evaluation showed that her heart was normal. Skips (extrasystoles) like hers are sometimes present in the strongest of hearts — often in athletes. The cause? Sometimes oversmoking, overeating, sleeplessness and fatigue predispose. Skips are, of course, also found in weak hearts. But your doctor can easily distinguish between the organic and the functional varieties.

Sudden onset of rapid heart action (paroxysmal tachycardia) may be another harmless symptom. It sends chills of apprehension up and down the patient's spine. One woman described the sensation as "the flutter of a small bird's wings."

Unless associated with *real* heart disease, this truly awesome medical name and symptom is also harmless.

I recall a young man who began to doubt the efficiency of his heart because he was "always tired." Questioning elicited the fact that his exhaustion was due to overwork. For twelve months he had held down two jobs — eighteen hours of work without let-up every day. His fatigue and heart worry disappeared after a two-week vacation and after deciding to apply himself to one job instead of two.

One woman with dizziness was cured of her "heart trouble" by an oculist who prescribed badly needed glasses.

A fifty-year-old man, whose symptoms of shortness of breath on climbing hills and stairs were due to obesity, soon lost his heart anxiety after dieting and losing forty pounds.

Ankle swelling paints a picture of heart invalidism in the minds of many. We have found that such swelling often is associated with premenstrual tension — and disappears in a few days. In hot weather, many persons on their feet most of the day — especially the obese — complain of ankle swelling, yet have normal hearts.

Indigestion and cough are often associated with organic heart disease. However, when such symptoms arise, heart disease has been present for some time. Neither the doctor nor the patient questions the presence of *real* disease in such cases.

Last, but not least, murmurs: take this to your heart. You may have a murmur and *not* have heart disease; you may have heart disease and *not* have a murmur. In other words, all murmurs are not the same. Yours may be compatible with a healthy heart and longevity.

Consider the millions of persons with healthy hearts who needlessly give up their jobs; who slow down to a walk when they are still fit to run; who give up golf, tennis, bowling — even walking. Unnecessarily, they go limping through life. For them there is no longer joy in living. They suffer the agony and torture known only to those who live in the shadow of what they believe is imminent doom.

Who are these unhappy individuals? And why do they "get that way?" The answers vary, but we know them. One need not be a hopeless hypochondriac to become concerned about his heart. You are a potential candidate for imaginary heart trouble if mental or physical strain undermines your reserve.

**H**ERE are some reasons why so many people have become unhappy "heart worriers":

*Headlines:* The daily reiteration in newspapers of heart disease deaths often becomes a cumulative force that makes the abnormally introspective worry about themselves.

*Funds:* Any cardiologist will tell you that more persons come in for

cardiac evaluation after the February campaign against heart disease. The exhausted and the tired react abnormally to the necessary advertising during this drive.

Many a well-adjusted man or woman becomes heart-conscious after a turn-down by an insurance examiner. Offhandedly mentioning, "you have a murmur" or "your pressure's too high" or "better get to your doctor for an examination — quick" are inciting factors in the impressionable. But insurance examiners are not alone at fault. We practicing physicians must plead guilty to causing much imaginary heart trouble.

Here is the way some doctors explain the presence of organic disease:

"You have a big leak" — "Keep this up and you're likely to drop dead" — "The inside of your coronary arteries are closing up like a rusty pipe." Such are a few of the many variations on a similar theme.

One trembling, terribly apprehensive patient said: "You would think doctors would show more sense — especially those with outstanding reputations. I went to one of the best last week — just for a check-up. After his examination he showed me pictures of blocked-off coronaries, ruptured hearts and other scary things. Then he told me, 'That's the kind of trouble you're heading for if you're not careful.' I almost fainted right there — and

I've been scared to death ever since." In my own practice I have seen the end results of such advice.

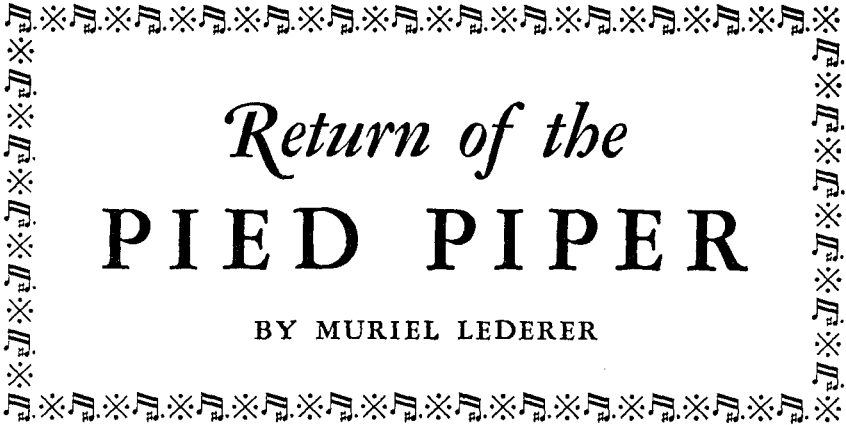
It's fair to say that every patient — with but few exceptions — should be told he has *real* heart disease if he has it. But *no* doctor — whatever his reputation — has any excuse for stupid handling of his patient. We doctors treat human beings, each a potential storehouse of fear. A mite of understanding and tact can prevent undue anxiety. Once the fear of heart disease becomes imbedded, ten tactful physicians have difficulty in neutralizing it.

The remedy for imaginary heart trouble is self-evident. If you are scared, do something about it *now*. Your need is not to *wonder* but to know. Make an appointment with a physician who is able.

Your doctor should listen to your fears sympathetically and unhurriedly. He will take a complete history and then use his modern armamentarium: Fluoroscopic examination, X-rays, electrocardiographic tests, laboratory examinations — all these in addition to a good "old-fashioned physical examination."

**B**UT here is the crux of it all! Having been told your heart is normal — after a thorough evaluation — discard whatever fears you may have. When your doctor hands down a verdict of "Heart Not Guilty," accept it with relief.





# *Return of the* **PIED PIPER**

BY MURIEL LEDERER

IF YOU were in the Arctic regions of Alaska this year, you'd almost think the Pied Piper of Hamelin had returned to pipe his entrancing tune. The lemmings are on the march again and by the time their journey ends, hundreds of thousands of these small rodents will be drowned in the Arctic Ocean.

In Robert Browning's famous poem, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, the Piper appeared just in time to save the town from total destruction by lemmings (often mis-called rats) on their suicidal march. He piped a tune and "led" them out of town and to a near by river to drown. The animals behaved as though they were bewitched. It's easy for us to see how they could have been led by a clever man like the Piper, who was just taking advantage of a sure thing. Nothing on earth could deter the march and he was just clever enough to fool the superstitious townsfolk

of Hamelin into believing his piping caused the flight.

The lemming is a small, mouse-like rodent closely related to a vole or meadow mouse. It's about five inches long, with a short, rounded head and beady eyes. Its ears are buried in fur. It has a short tail, small feet, and claws adaptable to digging. One of the two known types is tawny yellow with shading of reddish-brown and a dark stripe on its back from head to tail. This variety lives in the highlands of Norway and Sweden. The other known type lives in the Arctic regions of North America and turns white in winter. This is the group currently on the march in Alaska.

About every three or four years, hordes of lemmings start an emigration march from their native habitat downhill to the sea. They invade regions where they have never lived, very much like an army advancing,

conquering all obstacles, swimming, eating, fighting and dying on their frantic way forward. They are pursued and harassed by wild and domestic animals — weasels, black ravens and snowy owls.

THE MARCH starts when a combination of circumstances causes an increase of animals in the natural habitat. Almost as if a signal had been given, the whole body moves forward and the hectic one to three years on the road to suicide begins. The horde travels mostly by night, eating and sleeping by day. They devour everything vegetable in sight, leaving a path of destruction in their wake. There are death and fighting all the way, but with it all, reproduction is accelerated, strangely enough. The goals are the Atlantic Ocean, the Arctic Ocean, or the Gulf of Bothnia, depending upon where they start from. The survivors of the march drive into the sea and are all drowned.

This unusual performance has caused speculation and superstition, as no one has ever satisfactorily explained the mass suicide. There have been attempts at scientific explanations, but none has been adequate. Some men think the lemmings have an inherited instinct that carries them to the sea.

Dr. John Buckley, biologist for the University of Alaska, said, "When they exhaust their food, they haven't got much choice. They either starve on land or go out to sea and drown."

Still another explanation is that nature saves the race by the march because, though all the marchers drown and none returns, a few remain behind at home to propagate future generations.

The lemmings actually are committing voluntary suicide because they cross streams safely on the march, yet they plunge into the ocean and drown immediately.

In June of this year, the lemmings of the Arctic region of Alaska started their march, driven by starvation, to inevitable drowning. The migrations in this region are less spectacular than in Scandinavia because the area is more sparsely populated and there is less to destroy on the path to the sea. The animals pour out from the shore onto the sea ice in a constant stream. They face death by exposure to the cold or drowning. They've been known to go out as far from land as thirty miles on the ice. The last time they migrated in Alaska was 1949.

People who have seen the mass suicide say, "The water seems to be swimming with lemmings." Others describe the water as being "a strange brown color — lemmings for miles in every direction."

And so the Pied Piper — though you may not be able to see him — is marching through Alaska this year! If you doubt my word, just look for the hordes of lemmings crowding at his heels! They seem to hear his strange tune even if you can't!



*The*

# *Book Burners*

*by*

FREDA UTLEY

*Burned*



ONE CANNOT but admire the colossal nerve of the self-styled liberals, who did such a successful hatchet job on anti-Communist books during the Red Decade, now daring to pose as defenders of the freedom to read. It is not even as if the McCarthy committee aspired to emulate the original "book burners" who, only a few years ago, were abusing their near-monopoly in the book reviewing field to suppress all books which exposed the true nature of Communism, particularly in China. Neither this nor any other Congressional committee aims to curtail the publication, distribution, or sale of Communist or pro-Soviet books, anywhere in the world. Our legislators are simply trying to establish the principle that Americans should not be taxed for the benefit of a foreign power by contributing money for the dissemination of Communist propaganda through our overseas libraries. In a rational world this principle would be generally

recognized. But such is the power of the hysterical Left that the public was led to believe that the removal of pro-Communist and anti-American books from our overseas libraries was comparable to Hitler's book burnings.

The statute which established the United States Information Service libraries set as their aim: "The dissemination abroad of information about the United States, its people, and policies promulgated by the Congress, the President, the Secretary of State and other responsible officials of the Government having to do with matters affecting foreign affairs." Why, then, should the American Library Association, which claims the dubious honor of having been intimately associated with the U.S. overseas libraries program, have proclaimed that "freedom is under attack" when the McCarthy committee endeavored to force the removal from our libraries of Communist propaganda litera-

ture? And why should so many columnists, commentators and editorial writers have echoed and re-echoed the call to defend our liberties, not against the Communists out to destroy all our freedoms, but against those who dare to expose the insidious influence of the totalitarians of the Left?

It could be argued that the foreign reader would never be able to understand our self-defeating war, and post-war, policies unless he realized how great was the influence formerly exerted by American Communist sympathizers. But if this fact warranted the inclusion of Communist books, what excuse can be offered by the State Department for its ban on practically all books critical of the Roosevelt administration or of the Marshall-Acheson foreign policy? Why should only Communist criticisms of America be made available to the foreigners who frequent our libraries?

IN ITS June 25th manifesto on "Freedom to Read," the American Library Association proclaimed that "the ordinary citizen, by exercising his critical judgment, will accept the good and reject the bad." But it failed to explain how the citizen's "critical judgment" can come into play so long as he is given only one side of the question. It may be that the American Library Association is in possession of absolute truth and has been helping mankind to choose the right path by failing to recom-

mend the inclusion in our overseas libraries of books not written from the New Deal, or Socialist, or anti-anti-Communist point of view, while selecting most books written by Communist sympathizers. But it cannot consistently maintain that it believes in "democracy," or freedom of choice, while itself discriminating against the books which it considers to be "bad."

The fact is that many of the people who abuse McCarthy were well content so long as "progressives" enjoyed a monopoly in the book burning business. However, now that their own ox is being gored, these same totalitarian liberals are yelling so loud that the still, small voice of reason and common sense is barely audible. Hence the need to supply that much abused member of the human race, the American taxpayer, with a few facts concerning the overseas libraries he maintains.

While I was in Europe last year I visited several of the USIS libraries and made a detailed examination of the catalogues of our *Amerika Haus* libraries in Germany. I found that they contained:

1. An astonishingly large number of books by known Communist authors, and an even greater number of books written by authors sympathetic to the Soviet Union or strongly biased against anti-Communists.
2. A listing of books on Russia, China, and Korea which gives preponderant weight to authors wh

either favor the Communists or are "neutral" in their attitude toward Soviet tyranny.

3. The cataloguing of the comparatively few anti-Communist books which the libraries contain under misleading headings where the foreign reader is unlikely to discover them.

4. A dearth of books written from the Republican or conservative point of view, as against an abundance of books on international affairs, history, politics, and economics by Socialists and New Dealers.

AS I INFORMED the McCarthy committee when I appeared as a witness on April first, the most remarkable fact about our libraries in Germany was that their catalogues contained no section on Communism. The explanation of this strange phenomenon is perhaps to be found in the Allied Control Council Orders we issued in conjunction with the Russians at the beginning of the Occupation, and which have never been officially rescinded. Mr. A. V. Boerner, who succeeded Shepherd Stone in 1952 as Director of the Office of Public Affairs at HICOG, admitted to me in an interview in November 1952 that Allied Control Council Order No. 5, which forbids any action "prejudicial to the security and prestige of the Allied forces," technically still applied. Since criticism of Communism is undoubtedly prejudicial to the "prestige" of our Soviet "allies," this order would

constitute sufficient reason to ban anti-Communist books. But there is also Allied Control Council Order No. 4, originally drawn up by Soviet Marshal Zhukov, which forbids the Germans to read any book which has a "militarist" or "expansionist" content, or is "directed against" any of the four Occupation powers.

Naturally, today, these illiberal laws are no longer generally enforced. But like other relics of the bad old days when we were collaborating with the Soviets to keep Germany down and out, they have left an evil legacy. Germans still fear to be called neo-Nazis if they are too strongly anti-Communist, and the Americans responsible for our libraries in Germany were clearly affected by these Allied Control Council Orders both in their choice of books and in their manner of listing them.

Since there was no section on Communism, I naturally looked under "Russia" for such anti-Soviet books as we deemed it permissible for the Germans to read. Here I managed to find Kravchenko's *I Chose Freedom* and three books by David Dallin. But these and one or two other anti-Soviet books were heavily outnumbered by the writings of Walter Duranty, William Mandel, the "Red Dean" of Canterbury Hewlett Johnson, Vera Micheles Dean, E. H. Carr, Maurice Hindus, Henry Wallace, Pearl Buck, Edgar Snow, and Anna Louise Strong. The largest number of anti-Communist books were to be found under the heading

"Labor and Capital," thus creating the impression that the world-wide struggle between freedom and Communism is one between capital and labor, and that to be anti-Soviet is to be an enemy of the working class. The books so listed included both Fulton Sheen's *Communism and the Conscience of the West* and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee report on *The Strategy and Tactics of World Communism*.

William L. White's *Report on the Russians*, Eugene Lyons' *Assignment in Utopia*, Koestler's *The Yogi and the Commissar* and my own *Lost Illusion* appeared under "Europe." William Kendall's translation of Rossi's *A Communist Party in Action*, dealing with French Communist tactics, strategy, and influence, is even more carefully hidden than the rest. Together with Jim Burnham's *The Struggle for the World*, it is listed only under "United States."

AS AGAINST the few anti-Communist books which the diligent reader can find hiding their light under strange bushels, our libraries contained a truly astonishing array of books by known Communists and Soviet espionage agents, as well as by writers who are either suspected of being Communists or who have consistently espoused the Soviet cause. Besides those already noted I found Gunther Stein, Louis Dolivet, Howard Fast, Harriet Moore, Foster Rhea Dulles, William Jaffe, Louis Aragon, Johannes Steele, and Victor

A. Yakhonteff. Even the books of Russian Soviet propagandists such as Ilya Ehrenburg were included in our libraries. When I discovered Egon Erwin Kisch's *Paradeis Amerika* in the German language section of the *Amerika Haus* catalogs, I came to the conclusion that a special effort must have been made to find anti-American books. For this attack on the United States was written many years ago by a once-famous German Communist whose books must have been hard to find after Hitler's book burnings.

In looking for books on China and the Far East in general, I found a roster which read exactly like one prepared by the Institute of Pacific Relations in its heyday. Except for a few historical works which do not touch Communism, I counted thirteen books by authors who favored the Chinese Communist cause — and not *one* on the other side.

Thus the German reader who relied on our libraries for information was led to believe that our enemy in Korea represents the "progressive" forces in Asia. I was, therefore, hardly astonished on July 25, 1952, to hear a German radio commentator called Dr. Werner Krug state that "there is no question in Asia of an armed Communist danger. The Communist menace in Asia is due to the failure of the West to give up its positions. No amount of money or arms can defeat it."

There is little doubt that the exclusion from our overseas libraries

of anti-Communist books on China was deliberate. For instance, Heryman Maurer's book *Collision Between East and West* was withdrawn from the *Amerika Haus* libraries by Shep Stone. Since Maurer's book was far milder in its criticism of the State Department's China policy than my *China Story*, I was hardly surprised when the German librarian in our Hamburg *Amerika Haus* told me that she had been refused permission to buy my book, known to her in its German translation.

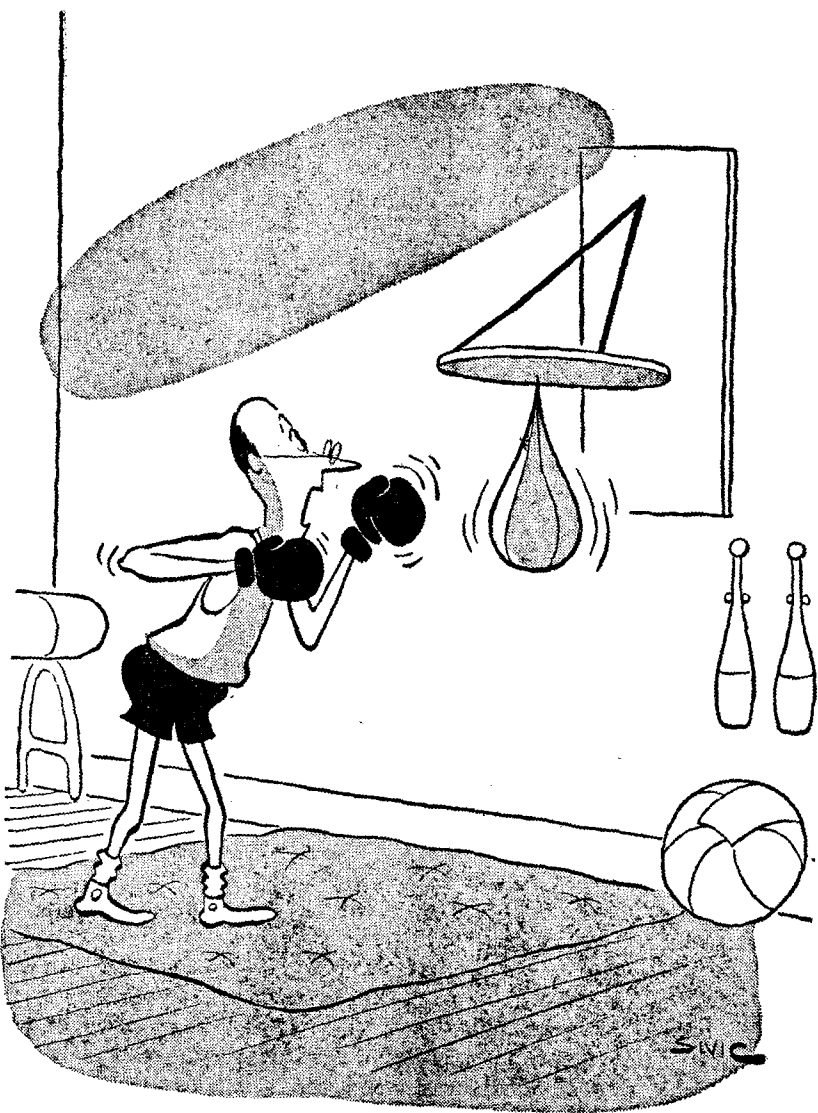
THE LISTS of books on the Second World War, and on international relations, were similarly overweighted with pro-Communist and anti-anti-Communist books.

The consequences of the one-sidedness of our libraries have been most serious in Germany, since here the United States Occupation authorities have exercised a general censorship over all reading. As late as 1951, HICOG was still forbidding the import or sale of books which it considered undesirable for the Germans to read. (I have in my possession a photostat copy of a letter from a German bookseller to a German customer expressing regret at his inability to supply my book, *The High Cost of Vengeance*, because it was critical of our original occupation policy.) And as late as 1952, some German municipal libraries still believed they were under an obligation to ban books displeasing the four Occupation powers.

The intelligent thing to have done following the exposure by the McCarthy committee, would have been to add anti-Communist books to our libraries instead of simply subtracting Communist ones. Unfortunately, this was evidently a task beyond the capacities of the State Department's Information Service personnel. Accustomed for years to the life of Riley, not only as "conquerors" in Germany but also in Paris, Rome, and other world capitals, they evidently lacked the energy as well as the knowledge and political intelligence to undertake the task of converting our overseas libraries into real storehouses of knowledge presenting all points of view. It was easier to burn books than to read them. So instead of filling in the gaps by including the books which had been banned as unorthodox or heretical during the Teheran-Yalta-Potsdam era, they simply threw out all "controversial" books — meaning those by authors with any kind of political or moral convictions.

It is always difficult to decide which bureaucrats are goats and which sheep. But there is little doubt that the majority of the Americans who work for the United States Information Service are woolly liberals unqualified by temperament, education, and training for the hard tasks required of them in this era of struggle on all fronts against Communism. They simply have not got what it takes to win a cold war, much less a hot one.





"Now do I get that raise?"

# *I Long for That*



# HUMAN TOUCH

by

VIRGINIA  
ROLLER  
BATDORFF

**T**HE THRILL is gone. The sight of my supermarket with its shelves filled with tightly packaged meats, cheeses, cookies, crackers and canned goods does not exhilarate me as it once did.

No longer does the spaciousness of the building nor the shiny cleanliness of the storeroom cause me to push my basket briskly down the aisles while marveling at man's contribution to shopping efficiency in the atomic age.

Suddenly I am tired of efficiency. Somehow this newest manifestation of our increasing tendency to put purchases on a production-line basis fills me with a nostalgic longing for the corner grocery where my grocer and butcher presided like benevolent kings, proudly handing out succulent vegetables and tempting cuts of meats as if they were jewels for the favored.

I long again to watch my butcher cut a thick steak from a huge haunch of beef fresh from his cooler and hold it up so that I, too, may admire its juiciness with the same pride as he.

It was a fine sight to see my butcher

work. He was an artist at the cutting block and he took care in carving tender steaks and chops, carefully trimming the fat so that they were also beautiful.

My butcher would have been humiliated to have it said of him that he did not sell good meat, for he was a proud man and as sensitive about his art as an actor of his effect upon his audience. This is why, I guess, his customers referred to him as "my butcher," just as they referred to their doctor as "my doctor."

But now, in my supermarket, my butcher has been replaced by a great many men and women — men and women dressed in starched uniforms who stand at long tables behind plate glass windows and cut and saw and grind meat all day long. They pack the meat into little cardboard boxes or vulcanize it into wax paper containers and place it in sterile-looking refrigerated shelves for me to view and choose. Who are these people? Where do they live? What do they think? I do not know. I only know that they all look strangely alike as they dutifully saw, cut and grind away behind the heavy glass.

These people do not look like

butchers. I remember that my butcher had a slightly florid face with tiny blue veins running through his cheeks. He wore a white apron which was always red-streaked from the chunks of meat he continually hauled in and out of his cooler. He always smiled and wished me good day when I came up to his meat case. Somehow meat does not taste the way it once did.

Nor does cheese. Cheese now comes thinly sliced or chopped into large chunks and tightly wrapped in wax paper.

I remember that when I had a grocer he used to keep a huge wheel of Swiss cheese on his counter. He had other wonderful cheeses, too. They came in large rectangular bricks or in big round balls and it was a delight to watch him hew off a fresh slice and wrap it in paper and tie it with a string. Somehow I get no pleasure out of opening packages of cheese any more.

**I** LONG again for the thin layer of gray dust which I always found on the top of each can of fruit and vegetables I used to buy from my grocer. My grocer was a clean grocer, but he was not finicky. I guess that is why he always had a few minutes to talk about the weather or baseball or to suggest a remedy for colds.

He used to keep his cookies in

large round containers with a glass top. I could look into each container and see what he had there. If I wanted to, I could take one out and try it before I bought.

I miss the smells, too. My corner grocery and meat market were so full of so many titillating odors that it was hard to identify just which food was smelling the best. Sometimes it was the big crock of sauerkraut; other times it was the white enameled tray of kosher dills in a vinegar mix, or the huge mound of freshly baked doughnuts piled near the cash register.

Most of all I miss the people who served me there. But even the friendliness and the credit extended by my butcher and grocer could not bind their customers to them in the face of the improved supermarketing. They finally sold their store to a new way of life. Today the windows which were once piled high with soap and canned goods display a few well-placed plumbing fixtures.

My grocer now works in an automobile tire factory. And I hear that he can turn out seventy-eight four-ply tires an hour, which is supposed to be a very good average. My butcher? He always was an artist at heart. He now hangs wallpaper in the homes of people who still take as much pride in viewing the results of his labor as he does in producing it.



# SISKIYOU COUNTY—



## *Our Last Frontier*

BY EDITH KERMIT ROOSEVELT

THERE was a time in 1941 when it looked as if Siskiyou County, California, would either become the forty-ninth state of the Union or secede entirely. Together with Lassen, Modoc and Del Norte Counties in California and Curry County in Oregon, Siskiyouans launched an extensive publicity campaign with the help of San Francisco *Chronicle* staff writer Stanton Delaplane and a \$500 fund supplied to the Chamber of Commerce by the Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors.

It started as a joke in retaliation for what Siskiyouans considered "stepchild" treatment they were getting from the state government, but the "joke" turned into a real movement as they realized the possibility of thereby forcing appropriations for road building and maintenance.

Judge John I. Childs of Del Norte was proclaimed "acting governor" and the major wire services and newsreels covered his impassioned speech at a huge rally. But just as California's Governor Cuthbert Olsen was about to end the "upris-

ing" by calling out the state militia, the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor—and the Siskiyouans called off their demands "in the interest of national unity."

It's a good thing they changed their minds. People who know that country know it might have taken more than a half-hearted attempt by the state militia to "put down" angry Siskiyouans. Scattered through this territory about the size of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined are 30,733 rugged individuals (450 of them, Karouck, Shasta or Modoc Indians).

The land itself is mostly wild country, with 237,527 acres of virgin forests. About 63 per cent of the area is Federal Government property consisting of Klamath, Shasta, Modoc, Rogue and Six Rivers National Forests, soil conservation projects, wildlife sanctuaries, power reserves and Indian reservations. There are countless trout-filled alpine lakes and streams, mountain meadows and dense forests of sugar pine, Douglas fir, yellow pine and incense cedar. Deep in these primi-

tive forests, a Douglas fir may measure eight feet across at its base.

SISKIYOU has been referred to as the last frontier of the old Wild West. From its early settlers it got many colorful place names: Whiskey Butte, Dad's Pocket, Man Eatin' Lake, Pigeon Roost, Cuteye Valley, Toad Mountain, Shot Gun Peak, Bogus Creek, Surprise Valley, Deadman's Lake, Belly Ache Spring, Claw Hammer Bar, Grease Flat, Jump-Off-Joe, Rattlesnake Gulch and Hard Scrabble Flat.

Today's Siskiyouans have lost little of the independence and vigor of their ancestors.

Readers of the *Siskiyou Daily News* were amused by the story of a recent meeting of the Siskiyou County Board of Supervisors. After a lengthy and noisy debate over some annoying legal details of a Federal housing project, one member fumed, "If we could all get together and cancel all the laws except murder, forcible rape, arson and stealing, and throw 'em all in the wastebasket and start all over again — we'd be a lot better off."

The Indian population still practice their tribal dances for all manner of ills. For instance, if a child is sick, they will gather for a Brush Dance. After building a fire in a rock-filled pit, they place herbs in water-tight baskets. As steam begins to rise, the child is held over it until perspiration starts, all accompanied by an elaborate dance ritual.

Marriage among the Klamath River Indians is still handled by the future husband giving a sum of money or so many animal hides to the parents of the bride. These marriages may not seem very "moral" to white men, but to these ancient peoples, the custom is as binding as a church ceremony.

The stolidity and physical fortitude of the Indians has given rise to a whole series of legends that delight the native-born whites. A favorite story concerns an Indian locked up in the county jail for sawing a man in two. His buddy walked seventy-five miles from Happy Camp merely to say, "For this you hang." He then turned on his heels and walked the long route home.

However, the white man, as always, when he goes among native peoples, brings his diseases and his liquor. Most of the Indians have abandoned their old tribal customs without fully adopting the white man's traditions. The winter months are long and when the lumber mills close down, there is no work and little diversion for the people of these isolated communities. Alcohol, nursed grudges and feelings of inferiority lead to spectacular crimes.

The county's latest murder trial involved an Indian couple, Allie Davis, 44, and Louise Steve, 22, who were convicted of killing their two children by dashing their heads against the floor of their cabin after a drinking party.

During the reading of the indictment against him, Davis actually fell asleep. On the fourth day of the trial, one of the material witnesses staggered up the court aisle muttering and gesticulating. Siskiyou county sheriffs promptly arrested him on suspicion of drunkenness. Shortly afterwards, the court bailiff whispered in the judge's ear that another witness had passed out cold in the witness room. Just then loud singing from the room below caused a further witness to be arrested on charges of being drunk. With a stern frown that masked a roguish twinkle, the venerable old judge sentenced the three to county jail over the weekend on \$500 bail apiece "to ensure their appearance at the trial Monday morning."

But lawlessness in the county is by no means restricted to the Indians. The last lynching occurred as recently as August 3, 1935. Old-timers still clam up when the incident is mentioned. Many still have friends and relatives living among the forty-five persons who broke into the county jail in Yreka to hang Charles L. Johnson, who shot a police officer while holding up a beer joint. The photographs of Johnson strung up on an oak branch on a moonlit knoll near Yreka brought \$2,000 even during the Depression.

**S**ISKIYOU gets its name from the Indian name, "Sis-ki-you" or "council ground," given to the level spot high in the mountain range just

over the California Divide. Here, just one hundred years ago, the powerful Shasta, Rogue and Klamath Indian tribes used to gather to smoke pipes, dance and play games. It is watered by cool springs and overlooks the country for miles around.

The first recorded history of the county appears in the writings of the early Hudson Bay Company trappers, who in the late 1820's worked their way southward from Fort Vancouver in British Columbia to hunt for fur-bearing beavers. The discovery of gold on the Salmon River and at Scott Bar in the summer of 1850, started the migration of miners to the country. The year 1851 brought to California its "second gold rush" with more discoveries at Greenhorn, Yreka, Hornbrook, Humbug and Deadwood. Thousands of miners poured in searching for the metal they thought would make them rich — native Americans together with the French, Germans, English, Irish, succeeded by Kanakas (Hawaiians) and then the great influx of Chinese.

Following acts of violence, the Modoc War (1864-1873), lynch law and official hangings, law and order was finally established. Agriculture, lumbering and cattle raising have not to any large extent replaced gold mining. Production of gold reached its peak in 1941, the last full year of production before World War II, when \$2,351,790 was produced.

The county seat, Yreka, with its

population of 3,227, has an other-world quality to it. It is in a valley, altitude 2,500 feet, and consists of a small settlement of frame houses in the shadow of the great white Shasta Mountain. Even when the temperatures rise to a high of 104 degrees in July or August, the snow never melts on the top of the 14,162-foot-high mountain.

Mt. Shasta was believed by the Indians to be the seat of the Great Spirit. And to the I-Ams, religious sect who live at nearby Shasta Springs, Mt. Shasta is still a holy place. Each day the I-Ams leave food for the Lemurians, the little folk believed to dwell in the bowels of the mountain.

SISKIYOU COUNTY's communications are still in a pioneer state. The only commercial telephone service is supplied by magneto equipment and is on a part-time basis. There are eighteen farmer-owned lines; built, owned and maintained by the farmers themselves. And in the Klamath National Forest, the widely scattered residents, without commercial or private service, are allowed to use the forest service telephone free of charge in return for their cooperation in notifying the authorities in the event of fire.

Mail drops along the Klamath River Road and other rural areas are paper bags attached by clothespins to a wire hung crosswise to a wooden pole. The mailman on Klamath River may take as long as

thirty-six hours during the winter storms to complete his sixty-five-mile route in his jeep. He must roll away the rocks and fallen trees that lie in his path and shovel out slides, and he drives all night since there is no place to stop along the way.

But these rural communities do not like to be pampered. In February last year, Forks of Salmon was cut in two by a snow slide. Power and telephone lines were down almost a month and food supplies in the stores were dwindling. A local resident, Mrs. Nellie George, was highly incensed when she heard later there was talk in Yreka of snow-shoeing supplies in. She wrote a letter to the county's only daily newspaper, the *Siskiyou Daily News*, saying, "What's the matter with everybody? We was doin' all right. We had enough flour to make our own bread with. There was fish and we could have shot deer and ate some. We don't need no outsiders, thank you."

The independent Siskiyouan takes a dim view of the steady advance of the gregarious refugees from the cities settling the county in steadily increasing numbers.

An old farmer at Forks of Salmon met the Siskiyou County Air Coordinator with a shot gun when he appeared recently to survey the location as a possible airport site.

"First they build a road. Then they want to put in an airport," he grumbled. "Hell, a man can't have no privacy no more."



BY ROBERT FINLAY

# *Lady on a White Horse*

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF  
MADAME MAUD GONNE MACBRIDE  
*IRISH REVOLUTIONARY*



MANY tributes to the dead are about the people who write them rather than the people who have passed away. In remembering Maud Gonne MacBride, it is impossible for any Irishman to escape from his own story. She had a lasting influence on all who met her.

My first opportunity to hear the voice of Maud Gonne was in Donegal, the blue-hilled county which owed so much to her leadership and to which, in turn, she owed some of the fervor of her life. She was then — in the 1930's — a legendary figure. So legendary that she tried to correct the legend for me one Con-nacht evening, in a room in Galway lit by what Patrick Pearse called “the slanting sun” of the West.

Opportunity to hear her voice had come in the Glens of Glenties . . . her voice over the radio, if the

valves would hold out and the batteries would function in the house across the valley, the only local house with a radio. No voice came on that evening, if I remember, and when I heard it at last, she was present in person in the big house on the outskirts of Dublin. The address is familiar to the Irish people — she used it many times in letters to the newspapers in defense of her idea of justice: Roebuck House, Clonskea.

Maud Gonne MacBride gave the wings of imagination to a rural Ireland that had been dulled by centuries of struggle and defeat. Whether she rode through Donegal on a white horse, giving the people hope and courage in a dramatic way, makes little difference. She at least gave them hope and courage, but she told me that evening in Galway: “I never rode a white horse in Done-

gal. It is strange you should say it, because I heard that story often. It was definitely not a white horse."

She was so fixed in the affections of the country that they insisted on the white horse, and even an authority like the then County Librarian, Andrew MacIntyre, would still insist: "Whatever Madame may say, it was a white horse."

GOOD HUMOR, and hard work . . . they went together in Maud Gonne, and my clearest picture of this great lady is framed in the sparsely-furnished Galway room, where she gave support to the forlorn hope that aging Count Plunkett could be returned as Republican candidate in the by-election.

Hour after hour, in the room filled with election literature, she folded the little handbills and put them in envelopes to be posted to the thousands of voters. Others of us, attracted by the sunlight in romantic Galway, might slip out for odd hours of wandering along the quays; but the gracious, tall Maud Gonne worked on.

Although she will live in political memory as a colorful firebrand, Madame MacBride also worked for a while on a practical approach to national economy. She studied all the newest social credit theories — but I suppose she never found anything better than the policy of Sinn Fein.

But Maud Gonne MacBride outlived the Republican movement — at least its extremest part. Her Sun-

day meetings in Cathal Brugha Street dwindled to little handfuls of faithful followers. Her mild, lingering controversy with fellow-warrior Charlotte Despard came abruptly to an end as Maud Gonne's voice broke with emotion at Mrs. Despard's death.

It was the end of an era — the new Ireland no longer needed her crusading fervor. Failing health had taken her away from the street corner and down forever from the makeshift platform. There were tears in the eyes of old-timers when, a couple of years ago, the old lady quietly appeared at the Mass for the inauguration of the Republic of twenty-six counties, with her son as Minister for External Affairs.

Maud Gonne was eighty-seven last December but it was hard to think of her that way. Whether praying, planning and writing her propaganda with a Great Dane beside her in Roebuck House, journeying through Connemara on a new campaign, or sitting in that sparsely-furnished election room near Eyre Square in Galway, she had always seemed the youngest of us all.

I'll always remember her as I first saw her — a queenly figure in a flowing black dress with her erect and graceful carriage. She is gone now, but she will always live in the hearts of Irishmen everywhere. And there is little need to ask if she will live in Irish legend — she is already a part of it as the grand lady on a white horse.



# The Unforgiving Map

*By George Fielding Eliot*

THROUGHOUT our history, the military policy of the American people has been the policy of the secure frontier. It has been based on the map — on the cold, hard facts of geography, examined and re-examined in the light of changing political and military conditions.

The guiding principle of our policy may be thus stated: We will not tolerate the accumulation of hostile or potentially hostile power in any location from which our territory or our vital interests could be attacked by surprise.

We have sought no justification for this policy, or our actions in support of it, in any principle of international law save the inherent right of self-preservation. In the trenchant phrase of Charles Evans Hughes, our policy has been an assertion of "the right of every sovereign state to protect itself by preventing a condition of affairs from arising in which it will be too late to protect itself."

It would be idle to claim that we have never wavered or hesitated in carrying out these ideas. We have

paid a heavy price, at times, for wishful thinking, self-indulgence and false economy. Our failure, for example, to establish a modest seagoing Navy in the 1790's cost us an inconclusive and humiliating quasi-war with France, a shameful submission to the exactions of the Barbary pirates followed by a protracted war, and finally a disastrous war with Great Britain.

Yet on the whole, we have been surprisingly consistent: we have learned our bitter lessons from time to time, but at least we have applied them in our conduct thereafter. We have pursued our search for secure frontiers with resolute and even ruthless vigor. Instinctively, at every stage of our history, our people seem to have understood that only behind secure frontiers could we pursue the development of our growing economic resources and capabilities and apply the net product to raising the standard of living of our people. We wanted enough room for expansion, enough land to grow our food, enough in the way of minerals and

timber and water power to operate our industry: we took what we wanted, and thereafter we were concerned to preserve what we had taken.

To our forefathers, this meant keeping at a safe distance anybody who might prove strong enough to endanger us if he came too near.

THUS from the very first days of the Republic, our eyes were turned toward the vast continental area west of the Mississippi River. There lay our natural heritage: we did not hesitate to say so. We tolerated weak and incapable Spain as its temporary possessor, probably because most of us felt that there would be little difficulty in taking it over when we were ready. But at the first hint that this region might be acquired by a stronger power — France, under the rapacious and ambitious Bonaparte — we find President Jefferson declaring that the possessor of New Orleans was our “natural and habitual enemy” and warning Bonaparte that by seeking to place himself there he “assumed to us the attitude of defiance.”

It is unfortunate that our school histories do not always do justice to Jefferson's strategic insight — to his reading of the map in the light of existing political and military conditions. For he seized upon a moment to present his proposals to Bonaparte when the latter was in no position to resist. His base of operations in North America, the island of Haiti,

had just been lost to him due to the decimation of his army by yellow fever; the renewal of his life-and-death struggle with Great Britain was obviously imminent, which would mean that British command of the sea would make impossible any further overseas enterprises; under such conditions, even the comparatively weak forces of the young American republic would have no difficulty in taking New Orleans and all its hinterland. Bonaparte, like a wise man, cut his losses and took Uncle Sam's dollars. Had he not done so, there is no doubt that we would have occupied Louisiana by force rather than see it become French territory.

Precisely similar in principle was our attitude toward the Spanish possession of Florida. There, as at New Orleans, we tolerated the Spanish weakness only as long as that weakness did not become a source of danger to us. During the War of 1812, Spain was neutral as between Britain and ourselves, but unable to prevent Pensacola from being used by the British as a base of operations. General Andrew Jackson stormed and took Pensacola, saying that “the safety of this section of the Union depends upon it.”

In 1818, we made our northern frontier secure for all time by a diplomatic arrangement which shrewdly reflected the military realities. The War of 1812 had clearly shown that the naval control of Lakes Champlain, Ontario, and Erie was the decisive military factor in any war

between the United States and Canada. This strategic fact, acknowledged on both sides of the border, was the basis of an agreement limiting the naval forces which either country might maintain on the Lakes to a few little one-gun ships for police purposes. The practical result was to make a war across that frontier an impossibility, to the notable benefit of both countries.

THE HAPPY result of this agreement was in part due to the drawing together of American and British interests in another and even larger sphere of activity. So far, as we have seen, the United States had, with varying fortunes, pursued its policy of the secure frontier by force, by diplomacy and by purchase, meeting each contingency as it arose and dealing with it *ad hoc*. The disturbed condition of Spanish America now compelled a more formal statement of our policy. The secure frontier became the guiding principle of the famous Monroe Doctrine, on which the foreign policy of the United States was to be founded for most of a century.

By 1823, the facts of the times were: (1) the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in Latin America had successfully thrown off the yoke of their European forebears, or were in the act of doing so; (2) the British Navy controlled the Atlantic beyond any possibility of challenge, and British policy was deeply concerned in preventing the reconquest

of these colonies. The British wanted the booming trade they had built up with Latin America during the Napoleonic wars to continue.

As long as it remained Britain's interest to exclude the European powers from incursions into Latin America; as long as the European balance of power remained intact so that Britain could retain full freedom of action to control the Atlantic; and as long as the British taxpayer remained convinced that he had to keep up a Navy capable of doing this anyway, for his own safety — as long as all these factors remained constant, we happy Americans had nothing to worry about as far as foreign attack was concerned. Or about the burden of heavy military budgets, either.

We enjoyed our free ride so heartily, and we became so accustomed to its benefits, that we came to regard them, as time went on, as God-given rights specially bestowed on us by that beneficent Providence which set us so securely on our detached continent. It never seemed to occur to us that the geographic detachment on which we so relied was a valid basis for complacency only as long as the military and political conditions which made it so continued.

Yet when the change came — or first became apparent — we did not do so badly at first. At the turn of the century, we found new currents stirring in the world. A new military power — Japan — was rising in the Pacific; that gave us a new sea

frontier to think about, hitherto endangered only distantly by Russia (a danger which we had scotched for the time being by the purchase of Alaska in 1867). Even more threatening, for the first time since Trafalgar, there appeared the first sign of a real challenge to Britain's command of the Atlantic, and to the European balance of power, with the rise of the German Navy and the ominous hints of Hohenzollern ambitions.

There were those who preferred to think in terms of map distances read by the facts of 1823. Fortunately for the United States, 1901 saw Theodore Roosevelt in the White House, and Alfred Thayer Mahan had just published *The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future*. Roosevelt roused us to the understanding that our sea frontiers were threatened, that Britain might not be able to hold the line, and that we must build a navy adequate to control the approaches to this continent. Within a few years, responding to this leadership, we became the world's second naval power. We did more — we had to, for the facts of geography were being gravely affected by the changes in the instruments of warfare.

THE GREAT steam-propelled armored battle fleets of the early 1900's were very different affairs from the sailing ships of Monroe's day, or even from the steam frigates and monitors of the Civil War era.

Danger which might have crept upon us in weeks or months could now come in a matter of days, and to either of our sea frontiers. So we acted for self-protection: Roosevelt "took Panama," and we dug and fortified a great interoceanic canal in our own interest, heedless of the cries of interested foreigners and our own "do-gooders" that this ocean highway should remain unfortified and "neutralized." Its basic purpose was to afford a means for the swift transfer of our naval power from one ocean to the other. We began also to extend the radius of action of our fleet by developing (rather slowly) base facilities in the Caribbean and in the Hawaiian Islands.

The horizons of our military responsibilities were widening — not because the map had changed since Jefferson's day, but because men had invented steamships, long-range artillery, and submarines: above all because, down at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, two American citizens named Wright had managed to fly an ungainly crate-like affair for fifty-nine minutes. Jefferson, in 1803, had thought in terms of continental security; Monroe, in 1823, had had to consider hemispheric security; T.R. in 1903 — the Wright brothers' accomplishment as yet unassessed — was still compelled to think of oceanic security.

This was a great transition. It meant that security could no longer depend upon passive measures — upon the mere maintenance of an

existing and satisfactory condition — but required active forces capable of a wide radius of action. For the ocean has no frontiers: its control depends upon mobile power. It can be, itself, a secure frontier only to a people who can create and maintain sufficient force to preserve for themselves freedom of movement on its surface and to deny such freedom to an enemy.

OF COURSE, the coming of air power merely made a bad matter worse. If the ocean has no frontiers, still less does the atmosphere. For air superiority, the time factor becomes ever more exigent not only because of increased velocities, but because of the horribly increased destructive power of atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons.

The military and political conditions of our security have changed indeed since Jefferson's day, or Monroe's: the map has not changed, but must be read by eyes which measure miles in terms of seconds rather than hours. Yet this change, great as it is, remains one of method rather than of principle. Our security is still dependent on preventing potentially hostile power from gaining sufficient superiority — in volume, in mobility, and in position — to destroy us.

We can no longer deny our potential foe the possession of bases from which we can be injured, but our ability to reach and neutralize his bases (and the resources on which they draw) is still the foundation of

our security and the greatest deterrent to hostile designs.

We mustn't forget the enormous — indeed the decisive — advantage conferred upon the United States by the fact that our advance bases are pushed forward to the borders of the Soviet Empire: in Western Europe, in the Mediterranean and the Middle East, in Japan and Okinawa.

It is an advantage not dissimilar in character to that which might have been attained by Germany, had that country in either of the two World Wars succeeded in conquering Europe and defeating Britain, and had it then proceeded with the organized resources of the Old World to effect a conquest and military organization of South America. Weak as we were, we were prepared to fight more than a century ago to prevent any such contingency from arising. We fought in the two World Wars to prevent it from confronting us in this country. Faced now by the strain of implacable Soviet enmity, by the cold war, we go further: we take at last a positive rather than a negative attitude. We not only deny our enemy the geographic advantages of emplacement near our heartland; we thrust our own power to his doorstep and seize upon the advantage of being able to hit him first and harder if the occasion is forced upon us.

IT IS TRUE, of course, that for this advantage we must pay a price. We must find some means of getting



along with those who have an identity of interest as far as restraint of Soviet aggression is concerned. We must sometimes temper our own ideas to conform with those of our associates: we cannot always have our own way, and maybe that is just as well, since we are not necessarily the monopolists of wisdom. We must likewise spend some of our resources in helping our associates.

Sometimes the petty frictions thus engendered irritate us, or some of us, to the point of exasperation. There are loud cries of "Let's go it alone." But we have never been able to do that. We could not have won our independence save for the French alliance, engineered by that same George Washington whose tempered warning against "permanent alliances" is so often misquoted and misapplied — as no one knew better than he, no alliance can ever be permanent. We could not have maintained the Monroe Doctrine and lived in the security thus conferred and grown strong and vigorous, free of military burdens, save for the fortunate identity of interest with Britain. We could not, alone, have defeated the Hohenzollern or the Nazi bid for world domination. We cannot, today, maintain our position of strategic advantage *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union without the cooperation of others of like mind and will. For the map is unforgiving and we do not own the bases which give us strategic mobility for our powerful instruments of war — that mobility

which is our sole, and commanding, element of military superiority over the land-bound Soviets.

IT MAY be argued that we are "provoking" and "threatening" our foe. But it should be observed that if the Soviet Union had pursued the same policy of live and let live with which we coupled our prohibition against European military extension into this hemisphere, a circle of United States air bases would not be looking down the Kremlin's throat, nor would our fleets be patrolling the Mediterranean and the Sea of Japan. If and when the political and military atmosphere of the world changes so that the threat of imminent and terrible violence no longer overhangs our people and the other free peoples of this planet, we shall be happy indeed to forget about geography as a factor of strategy.

Alas, that day seems far distant: until it dawns we can no more forget that a squadron of B-47 bombers based in Turkey is only an hour's flight from the Soviet oil center of Baku, than President Jefferson could forget that a hostile army at New Orleans would be master of the Mississippi Valley. Geography remains the master of strategy planning.

But the map does not forgive the statesman or the citizen who reads it with an eye fixed on the dear dead past, or a mind unilluminated by a clear knowledge of how long it would take to go from There to Here — tomorrow morning.



# Politics In Paradise

By ALEXANDER T. JORDAN

THE Bahamas might well be an invaluable object of study for the historian or sociologist. In that microcosm, where the whole drama of the interplay of political and economic forces is staged in one street, many things become clearer than they could ever be on a broader scene.

Nor would such research be particularly onerous. The climate of the "Isles of June" is reputed to be among the best in the world. In the summer, the gentle trade winds keep the temperature below 90° and in the winter the blue sea is never too cool for bathing. It is one of the very few countries in the world where a life of nature, without clothes or shelter, would be entirely possible. There are no venomous snakes or dangerous animals and one could safely sleep on a beach of pink coral sand, under a Casuarina tree, or per-

haps under the overhanging white cliffs. There are no sharks within the reef and no enemy bombers within ten thousand miles. There is no income tax, no draft and no outdoor advertising.

The black natives are gay and carefree, kind and courteous. They are also desperately poor, but to them poverty is a natural condition against which one does not even try to struggle. Besides, it is hard to starve in a country where the sea is everywhere — full of fish, conchs and turtles. Turtle steak is cheaper than beef hamburger and a two- or three-pound lobster crawfish sells for thirty cents American money. That is if you buy it on the wharf. At one of the Nassau hotels it would cost you more than at the Stork Club — but that is another story.

Pineapples are cheaper than potatoes and the services of an able-

bodied man or woman can be purchased for five dollars a week.

Is it then a paradise? Perhaps it could be, if man could live by beauty alone. But in the sun-baked streets of Nassau, which was an important port when most of Manhattan was a cow pasture, men have twisted their minds into a tight knot of hatred and distrust. True to their eighteenth century character, the Bahamas have a rigid caste system. There are three classes: the gentry, the tradesmen, and the slaves. Nassau is perhaps one of the few places left in this world where the word *gentleman* is not a vague form of address, but a definite description of rank. They are mostly British, but the type transcends nationality. Like French poodles educated in truffle-sniffing, both tradesmen and slaves have been trained through generations to discern the voice inflection, the easy movements, the cut of facial bones. Clothes cannot help identification, for everyone wears slacks or shorts and a colored shirt.

The tradesmen are the local whites, or near whites. They conform to the tradition of their class, as represented by eighteenth century literature. Coarse, crafty, rapacious, they exploit mercilessly the slaves, bow obsequiously to the wealthy gentlemen and squeeze with usury the poorer ones. Their faces are gross and brutish, their voices vulgar and their minds closed to everything that is not profit.

The slaves wear a distinctive uniform, as they should. It is at least well suited to the climate: a black skin. They serve without murmur and can rise to the next class only by diluting their blood with that of lighter hue. It is happening all the time, but it seems a somewhat slow method of social advancement.

The Bahamas are in many respects a unique political phenomenon. Although a British colony, they are more independent than some countries which send delegates to the United Nations. The legislative power is vested in the House of Assembly, elected under a property franchise. It is composed almost exclusively of tradesmen, since most of the gentry are disqualified through the fact of being born outside the colony. At election time, the student of history can enjoy the priceless opportunity of witnessing an eighteenth century election in an English county. Barrels of rum are rolled out, while the "captains" appointed by the candidate go round distributing torn "fivers." A five-pound note (value, 14 dollars) is torn into two, and one half is handed to the voter. If the election goes right, he gets the other half, making the "fiver" complete. The cost of getting elected to the House is estimated at 25,000 dollars. No one familiar with the candidates would suppose for a moment that they would dream of making such an investment without the assurance of a handsome return.

For one thing, no taxes can be im-

posed without the consent of the House. Since the members are mostly rich men (women naturally do not have the right to vote, let alone be elected) they simply refuse to have any taxes. Since money has to be secured somehow, this is done through customs duties. It means that the burden of taxation is borne mainly by the poor, who pay a 20 per cent tax every time they buy a box of matches or a calico dress, while merchants with an annual income of 50,000 dollars pay no tax at all.

This situation has attracted to Nassau many American and other millionaires, but its advantages are largely illusory. The tax freedom would be beneficial to foreign investors only if they were allowed to carry on any business. This is not the case and real estate is about the only form of investment open to foreigners (a term which in this context includes the British). The absence of industry in the Bahamas adds much to their charm, but it restricts opportunities for investment. The retail trade is tightly monopolized by the group which runs the House of Assembly.

THE BAHAMAS are internationally famous as one of the world's finest big game fishing grounds. Less widely known, perhaps, is the sport of catching foreign investors with fly and hook, as practised by astute Bahamians. They open to the prospective client enchanting vistas of a tax-free, carefree life of eternal sun-

shine. They then proceed to sell him some property at an exorbitant price. When he tries to develop it, he is frustrated at every step by subtle obstruction. Very often the disgusted outsider ends up by selling out to the same big game sportsmen at a substantial loss. They then bait up their hooks and sail out on a new fishing cruise.

The prices of nearly all goods, except for liquor and a few local products, are much higher than either in America or in England. This is often justified on the ground that all imported goods have to carry the cost of freight and duty, but this explanation is quite inaccurate. The plain fact is that Nassau merchants make a larger profit on every sale than is usual elsewhere, although their overhead is very low. The proof is easily found in the fact that a small shopkeeper in Nassau can afford a 50,000 dollar home, several cars, a yacht or two, and many other luxuries beyond the reach of any American or British storekeeper operating on a comparable scale. This is made possible by monopoly trade and the refusal of business licenses to potential competitors.

This practice is reflected in hotel prices higher than those charged for comparable accommodations in the U.S.A. — in spite of the fact that hotel owners pay no taxes and hire help at a quarter of the American wages.

There is a school of thought which holds this extortion to be a blessing

in disguise, as it helps to keep out the great mass of tourists, thus preserving the traditional, unspoiled character of the islands.

The policy of the British and Bahamian governments ostensibly favors an increase of dollar earnings, but in actual fact, much is done to restrict the growth of the tourist industry and prevent any foreign investments likely to create competition.

IF THE Bahamas are an example of British colonial administration in action, one may well wonder how Britain still manages to hold under her flag as many colonies as she does. In the briefest summing up, this administration amounts to a free license to exploit the majority of the people, granted to a clique selected without the slightest regard for democratic process. All free enterprise in the true meaning of the term is stifled, while economic life is governed by monopoly enforced indirectly through political power.

The Bahamas are too insignificant to be considered a problem in a world faced with so many issues of greater importance. But if in that small colony, next door to the U.S.A., the operation of British rule is so fantastically backward and discriminatory, there is every reason to assume that in other colonies it may be worse. The real victims are the local people, plagued by disease (the incidence of syphilis is estimated at 70 per cent, T B about 30 per cent,

and so on), undernourished and undereducated.

There might be several remedies for that situation. It is doubtful whether constitutional changes could achieve much, since the widespread malpractices are contrary even to existing laws. Incorporation by the United States has been discussed and a sale price was even mentioned — but the case of Puerto Rico is likely to make Congress wary of accepting any new liabilities. The simplest remedy would be one requiring no new charters or treaties. It would consist quite simply in letting loose in the Bahamas (or any other colony in a similar condition) a few real American enterprisers and giving to the American consul firm instructions to see that they were not discriminated against, directly or indirectly, by the local interests. The means of economic pressure for enforcing such protection are many.

Such a course of action would be beneficial not only to Americans bold enough to venture their money abroad. It would bring immense benefits to the colonies concerned, by setting them free from the iron grip of local monopolies exploiting the majority of the population. Free competition could achieve more than any government regulations or political reforms. The Bahamas are a small and trifling case — but perhaps, for that very reason, an excellent ground for an experiment in a new method of spreading democracy through free enterprise.

# THEY WON'T GET OUT OF



# WASHINGTON



*By Harold Helfer*

THERE are some 100,000 hangers-on at government agencies in Washington, D. C., who aren't under civil service, who admittedly haven't ever done a full day's job in their lives for Uncle Sam, but whom the new Republican administration, for all its zeal and determination, haven't been able to dislodge.

These individuals are the starlings, who have practically turned the government buildings in Washington into one big roosting agency for themselves.

In all fairness, it must be pointed out that the starlings have not given their attention exclusively to the Government but have given their attention to private enterprise, too, as the spotted condition of downtown office buildings in the nation's capital will attest. But nevertheless, residing here over the past decades has apparently given these starlings something of a bureaucratic outlook and they appear to prefer government connections.

Like most Washingtonians, the starlings are primarily suburbanites.

In fact, they are generally gone from the confines of the District of Columbia most of the day. They swoop along the broad open vistas of Maryland and Virginia, diligently gathering up insects, berries and whatnot with their industrious beaks. Then, all filled up, they come back to Washington — and *wham!*

That is why in the evening you are apt to see an old-time Washingtonian, particularly if he has business along tree-lined Pennsylvania Avenue, holding forth with an umbrella even in seemingly the most pleasant type weather. It isn't the falling of rain that is worrying him.

William Albert Xanten, head of the District of Columbia's sanitation department, has been grimly waging war against the starlings for years. It's against the law to kill them, but he has tried everything else in his endeavors to turn away these feathery migrants. He has used fierce-looking two-headed owl effigies, exploding dust bags, stink bombs, soap bubble sprays, roman candles, itching powder, supersonic

noises, and so forth and so on. But any success always has been temporary and limited.

For example, one Washington businessman decided to scare away the starlings from his buildings by frightening them with the sound of firearms. So he had about a dozen men, standing at an interval of several feet from each other, shoot into the air near their roosting eaves. Nary a starling budged. They'd become so accustomed to the backfires of traffic vehicles that the sound of bullets didn't faze them in the least.

Taking his life in his hand — and an umbrella — the businessman then clapped his hands. The birds within hearing distance of that sound did take off. It was something new to them. For several days he was able to repeat this limited success. But he finally gave up in disgust. Not only did the birds become less and less inclined to leave, but they began to treat this action as if it were applause for them.

THE MOST promising anti-starling strategy at the moment involves a small chemical-containing bag which gives off such an offensive odor that there is a notice on it warning human beings not to smell it, and even the starlings, who seem to have very few, if any, inhibitions, don't care for it much. What is more, the odor lasts for five or six weeks. But the reason Mr. Xanten can't get too excited about it is this: these bags may chase the starlings away

from one particular tree or building, but they'd only take up residence in another. By putting up enough bags you might get them off Pennsylvania Avenue, but they'd only move over to Massachusetts Avenue or Fourteenth Street.

RECENTLY, something happened that admittedly has Mr. Xanten discouraged about the whole thing. You see, once there weren't any starlings here. The birds come from England. And they were brought here — sixty of them — to get rid of the sparrows, which had become something of a nuisance.

The theory was that these starlings would shoo away the sparrows. The trouble is the theory worked too well. They not only chased away the sparrows but a lot of other birds, and then became ten times the nuisance that sparrows ever were.

What finally caused Mr. Xanten, a patient, take-things-in-stride man, to bust an inner gasket and all but throw in the starling sponge was a letter he got the other day from some officials in England.

"Will you please tell us," they wrote, "how we may get rid of the starlings?"

It is doubtful whether Mr. Xanten will ever be the same again.

"I wouldn't say I've given up one hundred per cent," he sighs, a far-off look in his eyes. "But I must admit that sometimes I do get a feeling that the starlings have won the cold war."



# The Female Stranger

BY JAMES L. HARTE



ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, is an old and proud city. Its narrow streets and dank houses are filled with historic memories and monuments of Colonial days.

Small wonder, then, that ancient ghosts walk the quiet, dark streets of the old city when night falls — ghosts in tattered remnants of musty military uniform like that of the Unknown Soldier of the Revolutionary War, whose body, beneath a simple marker, lies scarce noticed in the churchyard of Alexandria's Old Presbyterian Meeting House.

But these are explainable ghosts, the phantoms of proud history. Defying explanation is the wraith that springs from what has been for almost a century and a half one of the most romantic mysteries of America. And even for those who scoff at spirits, there is the eternally puzzling mystery which, like the song the sirens sang, may only be open to conjecture.

In the city's St. Paul's Episcopal

cemetery there rests an unusual though simple tabletop tombstone, its flat surface bearing the time-softened but fascinating inscription:

## TO THE MEMORY OF A FEMALE STRANGER

Whose mortal sufferings terminated  
On the 14th day of October, 1816,  
Aged 23 years and 8 months  
This stone placed here by her dis-  
consolate  
Husband in whose arms she sighed  
out her  
Latest breath and who under God  
Did his utmost to soothe the cold  
Dread fear of death.

This inscription contains the bare essentials of the story. The records add but few additional facts, none of which tell whether the intriguing *Female Stranger* was an innocent maid, traduced maid, eloping damsel, runaway wife, or stricken spouse.

Records of Gadsby's Tavern, which still stands in the city, reveal that some time in October, 1816, a hand-

some young couple put up there. They signed no register and gave their names to none. Several of the versions of how they looked and what occurred have been passed down from that generation to this by word of mouth. The most repeated avers that the young lady arrived pale and wan, supported on the arm of the attentive husband. The following morning, his distracted cries announced her death.

Another version is that she arrived several days before her death but with the mark of death on her. This, and the fact that the couple stayed away from contact with any other, gives indication that she was the victim of the plague, greatly feared by the citizens of the day. There are dark whispers, too, still told in Alexandria, that the comely lass was the victim of foul play.

Some versions treat her as being of noble descent, running from an irate family to wed the common man she loved. This is the inevitable addition to every such tale by the incurable romanticists.

The facts that remain are that her clothes were of excellent material, although giving no clue to her identity, and no angry parent ever showed up in pursuit.

ALL AGREE that the husband was properly disconsolate and behaved in the accepted standards of the day. He chose the headstone and superintended the inscription chiseled upon it. His words, particu-

larly in reference to himself, may seem today to be flamboyant, but they were in the spirit of the times. The old yarns praise his actions, even to his sadness when the stone was set in place over the still raw earth of the grave. But then cold fact sets in.

Church records reveal that the moment the stone was set, the young man disappeared, still without identifying himself—the kindly folk hesitated to press him during his bereavement—and without paying for the funeral or for the remarkable headstone.

This disappearance gave rise to the rumors that the corpse was that of one who loved too well but not wisely, and that the “husband” had shed her, foully perhaps, and not as unhappily as he pretended, *before* taking her to the altar.

These versions, as they are told and will continue to be told so long as Alexandria shall exist, are little more than conjecture. All that is fact is that a young lady died, in company with a young man, each without identity, and that he never returned after seeing her burial under a curious memorial. This truth alone is stranger than fiction.

Perhaps not so strange is the fact that, as the tales spread far and wide, the grave of *The Female Stranger* is rapidly becoming a shrine of love. Perhaps even now, some modern Hawthorne or Poe is weaving into classic form the mysterious romance that began but did not die with the passing of *The Female Stranger*.

# WHEN WE TRIED TO GIVE LABOR TO THE COMMIES

Hillman, CIO leader and president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Before the episode had run its course, such other assorted celebrities as Winston Churchill, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Sir Walter Citrine, Leon Jouhaux, Philip Murray, and James B. Carey had eagerly

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*By Harold Lord Varney*

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gotten into the act. So unbalanced was American public opinion in this Yalta year that, outside the AFL, almost no voice of importance was raised in the United States to point out its incredible folly.

Let us give a brief recap of this sorry misadventure as a case history of America at its most gullible.

The background of the incident was the 1938 decision of the International Federation of Trade Unions (the so-called Amsterdam International) to bar the Russian "unions" as state-controlled. The international labor body, at the insistence of the AFL, restricted its membership to free unions. The decision rankled in the Russian mind.

In 1942, when Hitler's invasion had made Russia a war-time ally of Britain and the United States, the Russians decided to reopen this issue, this time under the pretext of war necessity. The British, still reeling from the "Battle of Britain," were induced to set up a joint Anglo-

Now that we have recovered from the "Noble Russian Ally" delusion, it is painful to recall how silly some of us were while it lasted.

Probably the craziest thing we did was our frantic effort in 1945, a few months before V-E Day, to turn over the whole world trade-union movement to the Kremlin on a platter "to help the war effort." The good common sense of the American Federation of Labor saved us from this fearful booby-trap, but it was a close thing. A touch of bedlam invests the whole sorry episode as we look back at it today.

The two chief architects of this scheme were Vassili V. Kuznetsov, president of the Russian All-Union Council of Trade Unions, and Sidney

Soviet Trade Union Committee. The Russians proposed that this be extended to include the unions of other allied nations. The British, at the time, rejected this Russian request, since this would have meant the setting up of an international labor body which, for all practical purposes, would have supplanted the Amsterdam International.

Throughout 1942 and 1943, the primary concern of the Russians was to use this British-Russian labor partnership as a wedge to hasten the establishment of a second front against Hitler in Europe. Later the Russian ambitions broadened out to embrace a much more grandiose program. When Nikolai Shvernik, secretary of the All-Union Council, appeared before the British Trade Union Congress, both in 1942 and 1943, to plead for a resolution demanding a second front, the British unionists sharply rebuffed him — the second time by some fast parliamentary footwork by Sir Walter Citrine, secretary of the TUC and president of the IFTU.

IN 1944, however, the Russians enlisted the help of a redoubtable American — Sidney Hillman of the CIO. Hillman was a prodigious political figure in America in the closing days of 1944. Through his Political Action Committee, he had won a "clear it with Sidney" status from President Roosevelt in the Democratic national convention, and in the fourth term campaign he

had played a powerful, perhaps decisive, role. In this last year of his life, he had reached apogee.

How far he was a dupe of the Communists, and how far he was a conscious backer of their schemes, is an historical question. Certain it is that during the 1944-45 period he was strongly under the influence of John Abt, who was later unmasked by Elizabeth Bentley, Whittaker Chambers, and finally Lee Pressman, as a member of the Washington Communist underground. Abt was Hillman's legal counsel.

Constant Russian pressure through the Anglo-Soviet Trade Union Committee, with an assist from Winston Churchill, had induced the British Trade Union Congress to issue a call for a world labor conference to be held in London in February, 1944. The date was later put forward to February, 1945.

Sir Walter Citrine, who, as the IFTU president, found himself in the middle of a situation where he was whipsawed between the Russians and the firmly anti-Soviet AFL, came to the United States and in a series of conferences tried to persuade the AFL to go along with the British in admitting the Russians. Personally, Sir Walter distrusted the whole project, but he was under pressure from Churchill to keep the Russians satisfied as a part of the broader British strategy.

His American tour was fruitless. Despite White House pressure in Sir Walter's behalf, the AFL Execu-

tive Council voted unanimously against participation in the London conference.

What the AFL wouldn't do, the CIO enthusiastically offered. Hillman placed himself energetically behind the London conference, with Philip Murray trailing along. A preliminary meeting was held in London in December, 1944, with the Russians, the British, and the CIO mapping out the agenda for the February confab. After the meeting, Hillman told the press:

"It is remarkable how these representatives of three United Nations think alike on the problems of the moment."

Meanwhile, in a last effort to forestall the Russian-Hillman plan of a new international, the old IFTU met in London on February 2, 1945, just four days before the opening of the world labor congress. It was quickly apparent that the AFL had lost control, even of its own international. The French were effusively pro-Russian, while the British were only half-hearted in their defense of the IFTU. In the end, the meeting repudiated the AFL by voting for a formula which would admit both the Russian unions and the CIO. But this act of crawling came too late to save the IFTU.

When the world congress met the next week, the Communists were firmly in the saddle. The big Russian delegation, headed by Vassili Kuznetsov, president of the All-Union Council of Trade Unions, was en-

thusiastically backed by the French (just liberated from the Germans by American arms and manpower), the Belgians, the Latin Americans (then organized under the Leftist Vincente Lombardo Toledano into the 4,000,000-strong CTAL), the Indians, the Yugoslavs and Czechoslovaks, and the CIO. The British, under Sir Walter Citrine, tried to put brakes on the congress but they were swept along by the Communist steamroller.

HILLMAN, who had just been described by AFL President William Green as "Moscow's catspaw," carried the ball for the Russians after his belated arrival. He insisted that the London meeting constitute itself forthwith as a trade-union international, notwithstanding the continued existence of the Amsterdam International. It was apparent that the Russians were resolved to bury the IFTU while they had the chance. The British, with traditional stubbornness, were not to be hurried along at such a pace. They succeeded in stopping the Hillman plea for an immediate new international by accepting a compromise setting up a "Continuations Committee" with power to draft a constitution for the proposed body. Of course this was just a quibble, as the Continuations Committee immediately began to function as a going international. As its executive secretary the Russian-CIO combine selected thirty-four-year-old Louis Saillant, a

vigorous French pro-Communist.

The CIO delegation to the London meeting was a plain giveaway of the forces which were running the show. John Abt was present as an alternate delegate. R. J. Thomas, who had been supported by the Communists in the UAW when he had been elected UAW president in 1944, was Hillman's understudy on the floor. Reid Robinson, Communist president of the Mill, Mine, and Smelter Workers, made one of the important speeches at the confab. Albert J. Fitzgerald, president of the United Electrical Workers, later expelled by the CIO as a Communist-controlled union, was on the delegation. Len De Caux, who later fell back on the Fifth Amendment when examined by the McCarran Committee, was an assistant to the delegation. Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, who had not yet broken with the Communists, was a delegation member.

The most bewildered member of the delegation was James B. Carey, who was later to make a career as a CIO anti-Communist but who, at London, turned out to be a rubber stamp for Hillman.

Even conservative Philip Murray was taken in by the maneuver. He followed the London meeting by writing an enthusiastic article (December 19, 1945) for the Moscow *War and the Working Class*, official trade union publication of the Soviet Union, praising the new Red-con-

trolled international and declaring that "we must be vigilant to see that the coalition of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union is maintained."

Having won the first round, the Russians began to reveal the tremendous role which they had visualized for the new trade union international. It was to become the official labor arm of the United Nations.

To put this across, the administrative committee of the new body, which had already taken the name "World Trade Union Conference" (later to be changed to "World Federation of Trade Unions"), staged a meeting at Oakland, California, simultaneous with the United Nations conference across the bay in San Francisco. The send-off was a special allocation by the State Department of two private cars (we were then in an acute transportation shortage) to carry the WTUC and CIO officials from Washington to San Francisco — a favor which was later denied to the AFL.

AT OAKLAND, Hillman and the Russians worked out a plan to have the WTUC recognized by the new UN as labor consultant. The Economic Committee of the UN conference approved the Russian-Hillman plan. But thanks to the vigilance of Senator Vandenberg and others who were alerted by the AFL, the plan was rejected by the Steering Committee. The Russian

hand behind the proposal was unmistakably revealed by V. M. Molotoff, as he championed the proposal in the Steering Committee.

In November, the attempt to muscle in on the UN was renewed again in the form of a proposal that the WTUC be given a special status by the Economic and Social Council, not enjoyed by other accredited labor organizations. This effort was again repelled, this time through the forceful opposition of Adlai E. Stevenson, leader of the American delegation.

The WTUC came out of the affair with only a "Category A" rating with the UN — a rating which was also enjoyed by the hated AFL.

Another intended Russian use of the WTUC was to get world labor approval of Russian plans to use forced German labor for the rebuilding of devastated Russia. The AFL exposed this scheme, and even the British unions gagged on the proposal. The Russians were forced to retreat on the issue.

THROUGHOUT 1945 and 1946, the WTUC, which became the World Federation of Trade Unions after a Paris organizing convention in September, 1945, rode high on the international stage. During these years, CIO leaders conducted a continuous love feast with the Russian "trade unionists."

In August, 1945, a delegation of Soviet "union" leaders, headed by Vassili V. Kuznetsov, were invited

to tour the United States as guests of the CIO. Wherever they went they were greeted with fulsome praise and attention. In New York they were received by Mayor La Guardia at City Hall. At night they were welcomed at a crowded mass meeting at Carnegie Hall where Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt delivered the keynote address.

The visit was returned by a CIO pilgrimage to Soviet Russia in October, the delegation of eleven being led by James B. Carey. At a mass meeting in the Hall of Columns in Moscow, Kuznetsov welcomed the pilgrims, and Carey replied with a flattering speech in which he declared (as reported by the *Daily Worker*) that he could "hardly believe I am in Moscow. When I visit your plants I feel that I am in our own American establishments. When I speak here I feel as if I am speaking in my own country. All of this bespeaks the fact that we and you have one mind, the same aspirations, the same community of interests."

Joseph Curran, speaking on the same platform, declared: "We heartily hail the heroic Red Army, the Soviet trade unions, the entire Soviet nation for all they have achieved under the great and wise leadership of Generalissimo Stalin."

When they returned, the CIO published a 28-page pamphlet on the tour, strongly slanted in favor of the Soviet "unions." The pamphlet was authored by James B. Carey, with an introduction by Philip Murray.



ALL OF this treacle turned to bitter wormwood in 1947, when President Truman announced the Marshall Plan. Whatever other merits the Marshall Plan may have had, its inception placed a weapon in the hands of Washington which enabled it to smash the WFTU.

By 1947, the British were profoundly tired of their tie-up with the Soviet unions and were nostalgic for their old alliance with the AFL. The CIO had finally awakened to the bitter truth that only Russia was gaining benefit from the WFTU, and that continuance of the Russian partnership was alienating the CIO from the American public. The apparatus of the European Recovery Plan offered something which the AFL had never been able to hold out to European unionists — lucrative and politically important sinecures as Marshall Plan labor aides.

When the WFTU opposed the ERP, the British, Dutch and CIO Americans, after about a year of jockeying, resigned. In 1949, with the AFL and the United Mine Workers, they launched a new labor international — the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. Today, the ICFTU claims 50,000,000 affiliates, while the WFTU has shrunk to its irreducible minimum of 27,000,000 Soviet “unionists,” plus the trade unionists of the satellite countries, and the still-Communist-controlled union bodies of France, Italy, and some of the Latin American nations.

So the fatuous Soviet admirers of 1945 have come full circle in their adventure with the Russians. It is a repulsive story, but it throws a searching light upon the instability of the anti-Communism of many of our most respected leaders.

NOTHING that they now know about Communism, and its malign purposes, was not plainly apparent to all nine years ago. It was pointed out to them at the time by the American Federation of Labor in letter, word and text. It was written in the official proclamations of the top spokesman of Soviet Russia. Nevertheless, they ignored all the testimony of experience and accepted the Russian falseface for that of a friend.

For a time they saw Russia in the rosy vision of a nation which, in Joe Curran's words, was devoted to democracy. When Hillman died and his successors began to open their eyes to the sick reality, the mists lifted. They abruptly came out of the ether.

Fortunate it is for America that the AFL had leaders in the persons of William Green, George Meany, Matthew Woll, Irving Brown, etc., who were never deceived by the Soviet wish-dreams. They remained aloof, to salvage the situation when the nightmare had passed.

But what are we to think of other national leaders who stampeded so easily when Russia laid down this obvious deadfall?



# EPITAPHS



## EXTRAORDINARY

TO BE SEEN IN BRITAIN'S OLD CHURCHES AND CHURCHYARDS

*By Trevor Holloway*

ONE of the last places one might expect to find humor would be on a tombstone. But, as many visitors to Britain have already discovered, some really rib-tickling inscriptions may be seen on old tombstones and memorials in England's churches and churchyards.

Can you imagine any present-day authority permitting such an uncomplimentary epitaph as the following, which may be found in the churchyard at Woodton, in Norfolk?

Here lies John Racket,  
In his wooden jacket;  
He kept neither horses or mules,  
He lived like a hog,  
He died like a dog,  
And left all his money to fools.

Nor can we imagine any stonemason of today consenting to engrave this crude jingle to be seen in a graveyard at Cheltenham, Gloucester:

Here lies John Higgs,  
A famous man for killing pigs;

For killing pigs was his delight  
Both morning, afternoon and night.  
Heats and colds he did endure  
Which no physician ere could cure.  
His knife is laid, his work is done;  
I hope to Heaven his soul is gone.

We hope so, too. But whether the great Jonathan would have approved of such publicity is a moot point.

After a visit to the churchyard at Kirk Keel, Scotland, one has an uneasy suspicion that some former mason set out to pull our leg, for here we find two remarkable epitaphs which just don't make sense. One of them tells us:

Here lies the remains of Thomas  
Nichols  
Who died in Philadelphia,  
March, 1753.  
Had he lived, he would have been  
buried here.

Short of being buried alive, it is difficult to imagine how this could have been arranged! The second inscription is equally nonsensical:

Under this sod lies John Round  
Who was lost in the sea and never  
was found.

Within the precincts of Winchester Cathedral we find this strange epitaph. It concerns a certain Thomas Thatcher, a Grenadier of the 9th Hants Militia who died on May 12, 1769. The unfortunate Thomas did not die on the battlefield, but from unwise drinking! A four-line verse tells the sorry story — and gives some sound advice:

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire  
Grenadier  
Who caught his death by drinking  
cold, small beer.  
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely  
fall,  
And when ye're hot drink strong or  
none at all.

Misfortune seems to have dogged a Dulverton, Somerset, man to the grave and beyond, for on his tombstone we read:

Neglected by his doctor,  
Ill treated by his nurse,  
His brother robbed the widow,  
Which made it all the worse.

Another person who had a very raw deal on earth was Catherine Alsopp, a washerwoman of Sheffield, who hanged herself by her Sunday dress on August 7, 1905. She left her own epitaph written in pencil on a scrap of paper. And a remarkable epitaph it was:

Here lies a poor woman who always  
was tired;

She lived in a house where help  
was not hired,  
Her last words on earth were: Dear  
friends, I am going  
Where washing ain't done, nor  
sweeping or sewing.  
Don't mourn for me now, don't  
mourn for me never,  
I'm going to do nothing for ever  
and ever.

Now for a choice example to be seen at Hertford which takes the form of a rhymed dialogue between husband and wife:

*Woman:*

Grieve not for me my husband dear,  
I am not dead but sleeping here;  
With patience wait, prepare to die,  
And, in a short time, you'll come to I.

*Man:*

I am not grieved my dearest wife,  
Sleep on, I've got another wife.  
Therefore I cannot come to thee  
For I must go and live with she!

Here's another example of a husband's seemingly light-hearted farewell to his wife. Whether intentional or otherwise it is difficult to say, but the verse seems more than a trifle pointed:

Here lies my wife, Samantha Proctor,  
She ketched a cold and wouldn't doctor,  
She couldn't stay, she had to go —  
Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow.

If that one was unintentional humor, the following epitaph from

a Somerset churchyard leaves one in no doubt as to the husband's sentiments:

IN MEMORY OF MARIA SMITH

I'm safe in saying she's gone up higher,

For nary a devil would want Maria.

The widow of a certain Jared Bates was evidently thinking of her own future, judging from the inscription on her husband's tombstone:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JARED BATES

Who died August the 6th, 1800

His widow, aged 24, lives at 7, Elm Street.

Has every qualification for a good wife

And yearns to be comforted.

In the churchyard at Wistantor, Shropshire, is buried a woman who was evidently reluctant to have her age made public. At any rate, the curious must work it out for themselves from the couplet engraved on her tombstone:

Twice six, twice seven,

Twice twenty and eleven.

Which, if our arithmetic is correct, tells us the dear lady reached the good old age of seventy-seven.

While on the topic of ages, a stone in the churchyard at Leek, Staffordshire, reads:

James Robinson

Interred Feb., 1788.

Aged 438

If any reader wants to know the secrets of longevity, we would refer them to the tombstone of

Rebecca Freeland, who died in 1741, and was buried in the church of St. Lawrence, at Edwalton in Nottinghamshire. The inscription reads:

She drank good Punch and Wine  
And liv'd to th' Age of ninety nine.

Old Nicholas Toke must have been a gay old boy, judging from his epitaph to be seen at Great Chart, in Kent:

He married five wives whom he survived.

At the age of 93 he walked to London to seek a sixth

But died before he found her.

The hunter of curious epitaphs will encounter many relating to old-time landlords of inns and taverns. Mine host, William Pepper, whose epitaph may be seen in St. John's cemetery, Stamford, dated 1783, must have been a credit to his profession:

Tho' hot my name, yet mild my nature,

I love good will to every creature.

I brewed good ale, and sold it, too

And unto each I gave his due!

What a picturesquely worded message of caution is contained in the following, to be seen on a stone in a Dorset church:

Man's Life

Man is a glass:

Life is a water that's weakly

Walled about:

Sin brings death:

Death breakes the glass:

So runs the water out.

Finis.

# Do You Know That —

- ▶ The Communist Party, through its newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, has issued orders to the comrades to infiltrate the Democratic Party in order to make it more “progressive.”
- ▶ The false sense of security which drivers feel on superhighways is blamed by traffic experts for the majority of accidents on the newest turnpikes and throughways. They are now considering methods for jogging motorists out of their daydreams, with possibilities ranging from artificial roughening of the smooth roadways to “psychologically planned” radio programs.
- ▶ When Chicago’s giant panda died in Brookfield Zoo, it left the United States without an example of this species and with no hope of replenishing the breed. Its natural habitat is western China and Tibet, now under Communist control.
- ▶ The Soviet Government has not yet returned, or accounted for, at least two and one half million prisoners taken by the Russians in World War II. The figure includes over two million Germans, over 85,000 Japanese and over 65,000 Italians.
- ▶ A Canadian aircraft plant is planning to start work on a revolutionary fighter plane which has been described as a flying saucer.
- ▶ Anglo-American relations are being steadily increased by G.I.’s stationed in Britain. About 200 American servicemen marry English girls every month.
- ▶ The “revenooers” are still busy. Internal Revenue officers search out and destroy over 100 illegal stills a month, mostly in Southern states.
- ▶ The anti-trust suit against seventeen of the country’s leading investment firms, dismissed by Judge Medina recently, is estimated to have cost the Government up to three million dollars and the defendants up to seven million dollars since the original “conspiracy” complaint was filed in 1947.
- ▶ The leaking “weepholes in the spandrels” of the United Nations building in New York City (AMERICAN MERCURY, July 1953) have been repaired. Designers of the building found that they had not allowed for the action of prevailing winds, which forced rain into the all-glass building’s “breathing” apparatus.
- ▶ Two million more married women are working than were employed during the wartime job-holding peak. The greatest proportion are in their early middle age.

NORA DE TOLEDANO



# Foolhappy Butterfly Hound

*By James R. Aswell*

NO ONE KNOWS where such dogs come from. No one ever will know. Gyp scratched on our front door one night shortly after my tenth birthday. At the time I still ached over the latest of my series of dogs, a collie that had come to grief under the wheels of a truck. The newcomer, a small, tan, yearling mongrel, held a stick in his mouth. He graciously presented it to my mother. When Dad would have driven him outdoors, the dog sat up and gravely offered a paw. Automatically, Dad shook it.

"Well, can you beat this gypsy!" Dad laughed; and Gyp had a name and a home.

Stray though he was, Gyp had nothing of the slinking, hangdog tramp about him. He trustfully expected kindness from everybody, every thing. To him the world seemed a vast, beaming benevolence, put here to amuse and cherish a young tan dog with perky ears. His was a blithe spirit. Too blithe, I feared, the morning he dashed out for a playful romp with a road roller.

The driver perched in the high

cab exploded against his pedals and levers. He fought his smoke-belching monster to a clanking halt a skim short of Gyp's nose.

"Bud!" he yelled, as I raced to Gyp. "Keep your crazy pup away from my willopus-wallopus — unless you want some hound pancakes."

Our neighborhood odd-jobs man, Burge, had been clipping hedges. He called, "Lessee that foolhappy dog a minute." Burge claimed he could read a dog's nature by feeling certain bumps on its skull. He shook his head over Gyp.

"He got a brains bump, all right," Burge said, "but it have a funny shape, kind of like the ace of spades or maybe a clover. Can't locate nothing a-tall where the scared bump ought to be. But great day! Feel the love bump! Big as a buck-eye! This here dog gonna need a guardian, do he aim to live in this weary world."

Gyp did not lack for guardians. All the kids in the neighborhood adopted him, and vice versa. His outflowing affection enveloped, won, even those with proper dogs of their own. Later in the spring plenty of

volunteers came forward to protect Gyp from the mockingbirds.

Southerners and ornithologists know the mocker is no sweet dicky-bird. At nesting time, the mockingbird is a feathered bundle of fury. His crystalline songs actually well up as shouts of defiance, warnings to stay clear of his territory. The toughest, battle-scarred tomcats creep and hide when mockers are about. Gyp never learned. He considered the melodic outpourings as invitations to play.

No dog ever was dive-bombed by mockers more frequently, more innocently. Although small boys in the neighborhood swarmed to his aid with whoops and bird-scaring antics, in our section baby mockers hatched in nests lushly interwoven with tawny Gyp-hair.

**I**N SUMMER we discovered another ever-present danger to Gyp. Butterflies. He felt a grand, surging passion for the bright, fluttering scraps. Bursting into rich bugle-tones, he followed them wherever they might lead.

He never overtook one. He ran them ragged, though, and us too. As he chased butterflies, we chased Gyp. We needed to be on hand to rescue him when he blurted heedlessly into an excavation or sinkhole. Worse, the butterfly might take him lolling across the highway, deadly with its "scorchers" in Stutz, Chandler, or Hupmobile.

We held a watchful dread of deep

water on Gyp's behalf. The breeze-whipped river in the sunlight delighted him. The glinting ripples may have seemed to him an exciting turmoil of gold and silver butterflies. In he would leap. No one could restrain him. Snapping at the sparkling stuff, he'd swallow water until he went under like a lead sinker. Our bunch had to develop into skilled divers, swimmers, and experts at reviving a half-drowned dog.

Adult puzzlement ran like this: "He's no watchdog. If you set him on a 'coon, he'd end up playing hide and seek with it. He's always in the way, and never learns it. You spend your lawn-mowing money for ice cream, and then give it to him. He's anything but ornamental. So what under high reason do you youngsters see in that mongrel?"

We had no answer grownups would understand. I think Burge came as close to it as any adult could. "Gyp," he said, "done made some kind of a hero of the least one of you little mustards."

Gyp discovered he could sing. It kept us on the go. When someone started practicing piano, violin, or vocal exercises, he might be half a mile distant but his ears would quiver. He'd streak off toward the music. Hunkered down beneath a window, he tenderly hoisted his muzzle skyward and gave forth long, quavering howls.

Time and again we barely spirited him away before vengeance could strike.



Burge said, "Gyp have no idea he's a dog. He thinks he's people."

FAMILY PRIDE soared the evening of the school Thanksgiving entertainment when my sister appeared on the platform for her solo. After the opening bars, it became a sensational duet. From the frosty outer darkness a keening and bubbling arose. The accompaniment was unmistakable. Gyp had dug his way free of the garage where I'd fastened him. He'd tagged us to the schoolhouse. When he heard a voice singing, a beloved family voice at that, he threw his soulful best into it.

Next morning, a Saturday, Dad said, "As soon as I can calm down enough not to murder the beast on the way, I'm taking that dog to the County Pound."

No use pleading, I knew. Dad seldom got his dander up. When he did, it was best to drift outdoors; as I did.

The neighborhood echoed to cryptic yodelings. Boys gathered. Burge was sought out. Dimes, nickels, and pennies chinked into Burge's cap.

Meanwhile, Dad fulfilled his threat. As he drove away from the pound, he did not detect Burge's parked jalopy. Immediately, Burge claimed the dog. According to our deal, Burge would keep Gyp until wrath had simmered down. It didn't work just that way. Near our house, Gyp leaped from the old car. He scratched at the front door . . . only a few moments after Dad, feeling low and

treacherous, had gone into hiding behind the newspaper.

Dad answered the scratch. Joyously, Gyp jumped and licked Dad's chin, then darted for the kitchen. Dad was touched.

"Heard of dogs homing like this," he said in a choked voice. "Never believed it. But, here it is. He almost beat me home. Goes to show you." Dad made no move — and I understood he never would — to return Gyp to the pound.

I could have enlightened Dad about the dog's speedy return if I had wanted to. I didn't want to.

IN THE three years he boarded with us, Gyp never fought another dog. Not a scrap, not so much as a growling match. His hide remained unmarked save by mockingbirds. I, however, did not escape scar tissue.

Ambling down a country road with me one summer afternoon, Gyp leaped a fence with a mustard-yellow butterfly. He raced into a sheep pasture before I could head him off. The frantically blithering sheep he ignored. They weren't butterflies.

Chasing Gyp, I'd got half across the pasture when what I'd dreaded happened. Here came the farm dogs — one a German shepherd, one a mastiff, and the third a cross between the Hound of the Baskervilles and a grizzly bear, if looks meant anything — all roaring and foaming.

Gyp gave the onrushing dogs not a glance. His reflexes weren't triggered to such carryings-on. He just

kept bumbling along after the yellow flitterjig dancing before his nose. For all him, the other dogs' hell-let-loose might have been the shy chirping of field sparrows.

I felt right sorry for those dogs. As Gyp ignored them, they milled around uncertainly. Their clamor gave way to thready whines. From savagely lashing banners of attack, their tails drooped to half-mast, dangled limply. Now Gyp had lost his butterfly. He trotted back through the farm dogs, pausing for a casual moment beside the biggest of the trio, evidently mistaking him for something else. Their faith in themselves and an orderly world shattered; they crept off in the direction whence they had come, whimpering. They were utterly undogged.

I began working my way down out of the mid-pasture tree I'd been inspired to climb. Only as I then shredded did I realize I'd picked a thorn tree.

**I**NEVITABLY, Gyp chased one butterfly too many. It was the largest he'd ever spied, too flashingly red and exciting with its screaming siren for him to miss it . . .

Later Burge, the odd-jobs man, said: "When that ol' fire-bullgine knocked Gyp into the middle of hereafter, it left a hole a whale bigger'n dog-size."

True, prophetic words. Dogs of mine since Gyp, dogs of breeding

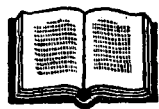
and accomplishment, dogs with every right to expect to be remembered in detail and in the round, all have faded into a sort of generalized canine halftone. Many graying men who grew up in East Nashville remember me only as an adjunct to Gyp. Him they can't forget.

As for that, I've such a fumbling recall that usually I have to be introduced all over again to once-boon companions, old flames, and even cousins. Gyp, the tan mongrel, good solely for running butterflies and not good at that, remains vividly alive in my mind. I still wake my family, thirty years after Gyp's death, laughing aloud in my sleep as he rattles through my dreams. Why?

I asked a psychiatrist. He was brooding in a corner alone at a Washington cocktail party. If I brought up his specialty, it might cheer him, I thought.

It didn't. He regarded me reproachfully. "How can I define anything as abnormal as a happy dream?" he muttered. "Bring me the right sort of nightmares. Say a bloody father, towering with neon hair and a club made of twisted, frozen pythons. Or a smotheringly possessive Mom, like a huge, bubbling quicksand, sugared over with candied dates and withered marshmallows. Then we'll know where we're at."

So I gave it up. I'll remember my foolhappy dog as was. And let it be.



# The Will of Peter the Great

By Marie Van Amstel

PETER I, of the House of Romanov, Czar of Russia from 1696 to 1725, left a Will which, in spite of all that has transpired since, still appears to be the foundation and law of Russian politics.

This Will was deposited in the archives of the palace of Peterhof, near St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). In 1757, it was confidentially deposited in the hands of the Abbé de Barnis, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and also in those of Louis XV. A copy is also in the diplomatic archives of the French empire, and a transcript appears in the volume, *Politique de la Russie en Orient* by Victor Morpugo.

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## THE WILL

In the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, we, Peter the First, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, [etc.] to all our descendants and successors to the throne and government of the Russian nation:

God, from whom we derive our existence, and to whom we owe our crown, having constantly enlightened us by his Spirit, and sustained

us by his divine help, allows me to look on the Russian people as called upon hereafter *to hold sway over Europe!* My reason for thus thinking is that the European nations have mostly reached a state of old age, bordering on imbecility, or they are rapidly approaching it; naturally, then, they will be *easily and indubitably* conquered by a people strong in youth and vigor, especially when this latter shall have attained its full strength and power. I look on the future invasion of the eastern and western countries by the north as a periodical movement, ordained by Providence, who in like manner regenerated the Roman nation by barbarian invasions. These emigrations of men from the north are as the reflux of the Nile, which, at certain periods, comes to fertilize the impoverished lands of Egypt by its deposit. I found Russia as a *rivulet*; I leave it a *river*; my successors will make of it a *large sea*, destined to fertilize the impoverished lands of Europe; and its waters will overflow, in spite of opposing dams, erected by weak hands, if our descendants only know how to

direct its course. This is the reason I leave them the following instructions.

I. Keep the Russian nation in a *state of continual war*, so as to have the soldier always under arms, and ready for action, excepting when the finances of the state will not allow of it. Keep up the forces; choose the best moment for attack. By these means you will be ready for war even in the time of peace. This is for the interest of the future aggrandizement of Russia.

II. Endeavor, by every possible means, to bring in, from the neighboring civilized countries of Europe, officers in times of war, and learned men in times of peace, thus giving the Russian people the advantages enjoyed by other countries, without allowing them to lose any of their own self-respect.

III. On every occasion take a part in the affairs and quarrels of Europe; above all, in . . . Germany . . .

IV. *Divide* Poland, by exciting civil discord there; win over the nobility by bribery; *corrupt the diets*, so as to have influence in the election of kings; get partisans into office — protect them; bring to sojourn there the Muscovite troops, until such time as they can be permanently established there. If the neighboring powers start difficulties, appease them, for a time, by parceling out of the country, *until you can retake in detail all that has been ceded*.

V. *Take as much as you can from Sweden*; and cause yourselves to be

attacked by her, *so as to have a pretext for subduing her*. To accomplish this, sever Denmark from Sweden, and Sweden from Denmark, carefully keeping up their rivalries.

VI. *Always choose* as wives for the Russian princes, German princesses, so as to increase family alliances, to draw mutual interests closer, and by *propagating our principles in Germany*, to enlist her in our cause.

VII. England requiring us for her navy, and she being the only power that can aid in the development of ours, seek a commercial alliance with her in preference to any other. Exchange our wood and the productions of our land for her gold, and establish between her merchants, her sailors, and ours, a continual intercourse: this will aid in perfecting the Russian fleet for navigation and commerce.

VIII. *Extend* your possessions toward the north, along the Baltic; and *towards the south, by the Black Sea*.

IX. *Approach as near as possible to Constantinople and its outskirts. He who shall reign there will be the true sovereign of the world*. Consequently, be continually at war — sometimes with the Turks, sometimes with Persia. Establish dockyards on the Black Sea; *this being necessary to the accomplishment of the plan*. Hasten the decline of Persia; penetrate to the Persian Gulf; re-establish, if possible, the ancient commerce of the Levant through

Syria, and *make your way to the Indies* — they are the emporium of the world. Once there, you can do without the gold of England.

X. Seek, and carefully keep up an alliance with Austria; acquiesce, apparently, in her ideas of dominating over Germany; at the same time, clandestinely exciting against her the neighboring provinces . . .

XI. Give the House of Austria an interest for joining in banishing the Turks from Europe; defraud her of her share of the booty, at the conquest of Constantinople, either by raising a war for her with the ancient states of Europe, or by giving her a portion which you will *take back at a future period*.

XII. Attach to yourselves, and assemble around you, all the united Greeks, as also the disunited or schismatics, which are scattered either in Hungary, Turkey, or the south of Poland. Make yourselves their centers, their chief support, and lay the foundation for universal supremacy by establishing a kind of royalty or sacerdotal government; the Slavonic Greeks will be so many friends that you will have scattered amongst your enemies.

XIII. Sweden severed, Persia and Turkey conquered, Poland subjugated, our armies reunited, the Black Sea guarded by our vessels, you must make propositions separately and discreetly — first to the court of Versailles, then to that of Vienna, to share with them the empire of the universe.

If one of them accepts — and it cannot be otherwise, so as you flatter their pride and ambition — make use of it to crush the other; then crush, in its turn, the surviving one, by engaging with it in a death struggle, the issue of which cannot be doubtful, Russia possessing already all the east and a great part of Europe!

XIV. If — which is not likely — both refuse the *propositions of Russia*, you must manage to raise quarrels for them, and make them exhaust one another; then, profiting by a decisive moment, Russia will bring down her assembled troops on Germany; at the same time, two considerable fleets will set out — the one from the sea of Azov, the other from the port of Archangel — loaded with Asiatic hordes, under the convoy of the armed fleets from the Black Sea and the Baltic. Advancing by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean, they will invade France on one side, whilst Germany will already have been invaded on the other. These countries conquered, the rest of Europe will easily pass under the yoke, without striking a single blow.

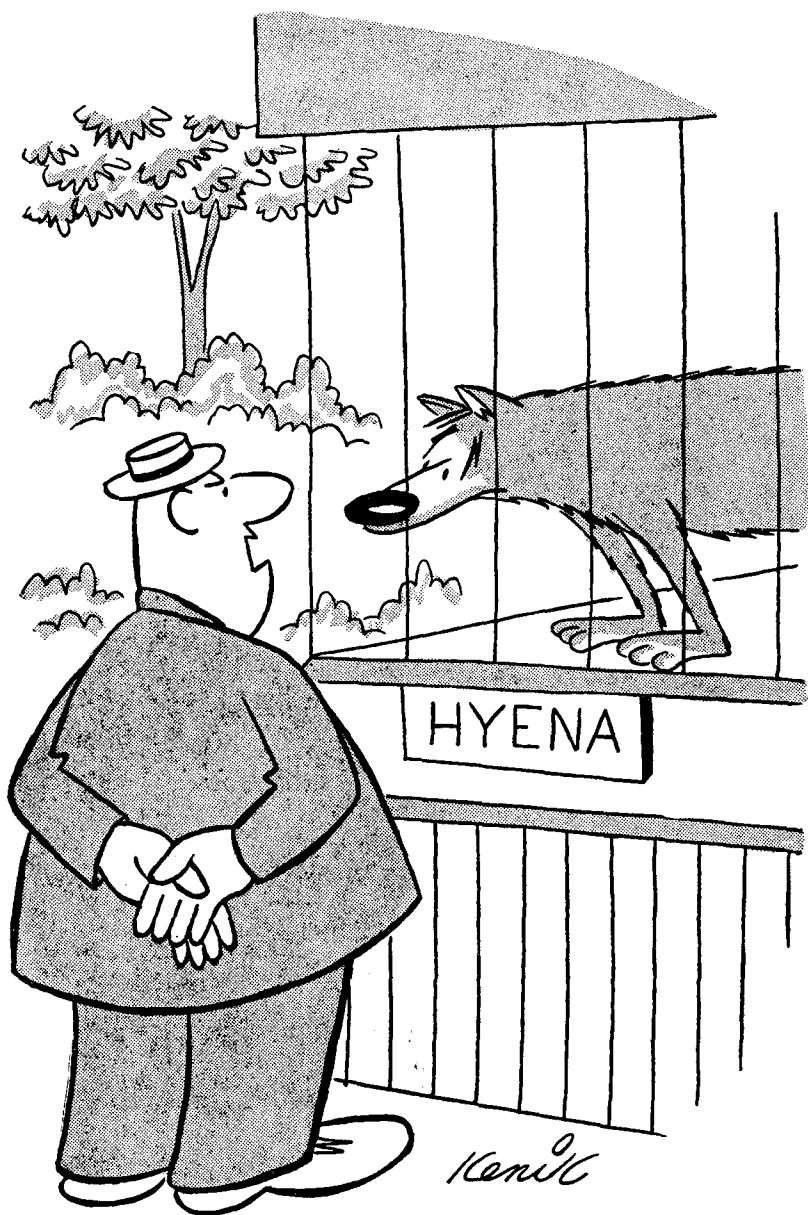
XV. Thus Europe can and ought to be subdued.

## PETER I

### *Autocrat of all the Russians*

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All this was written by Peter the Great, in 1725 — seven years before George Washington was born.



"Well — start laughing!"



# *Let's THINK About Money*

BY PATRICK McMAHON

*{SECOND OF A SERIES}*

A FALSE STEP in monetary policy by the Federal Government could easily send this country — and most of the world with it — hurtling into disaster. This is one aspect of our badly muddled economic situation on which most experts agree. The complex factors which affect the nation's business are in very delicate balance indeed.

On the other hand, so long as the numerous factors remain so closely in balance, a sound monetary policy could have the effect of prolonging indefinitely high living standards, reasonably full employment and a healthy rate of economic expansion.

All of which serves to highlight the critical importance of the one policy of the Eisenhower administration which is least understood by the general public — the so-called “sound money” (critics call it “hard” money) policy of the Federal Reserve and the Treasury. It is a policy which the Eisenhower administration has proclaimed as its very own, although in actual fact it

was simply inherited from the Truman administration, which, in 1951, abandoned the eighteen-year-old policy of “controlled” inflation.

It is this same policy that has been singled out by the Democrats in Congress as the target of the most savage and demagogic partisan attack they have made thus far against the Eisenhower administration (most of whose policies they seem to take great pride in having supported).

In its initial stages, at least, the attack has been ably planned and brilliantly executed. They have permitted the Republicans to take the full credit — and the full blame — for a policy that is understood by only a small handful of experts, and which is much easier to attack than it is to explain and defend.

And while the Republican defenders have contented themselves with lofty, academic discussions on an ivory tower level, the lads on the other side of the aisle have gotten down to the grass roots, and waded in with both fists swing-



ing. They have addressed themselves to specific economic (and voting) groups, to the farmer, the taxpayer, the small businessman, the home owner and the worker. And they have phrased their attacks in language that the farmers, taxpayers, small businessmen, homeowners and workers can understand.

**THEY** have charged that the Treasury and the Federal Reserve, under the "complete domination of Wall Street bankers," have boosted the interest rates on government bonds, thus adding billions of dollars to the burden of the American taxpayer. Aside from the "Wall Street" epithet (a hardy old bit of Democratic profanity) the charge is perfectly true. They have charged that the policies of the Treasury and the Federal Reserve are restricting the volume of credit available for private borrowing, and have forced interest rates upwards all along the line. They have told farmers, prospective homeowners, and small businessmen that it is harder to obtain loans and mortgages; they have told the workers and retailers it is more and more difficult for the consumer to finance the purchase of cars, refrigerators, and television sets; and that the cost of repayment is so high, at the new rates, as to be almost prohibitive.

Insofar as they go, all of these charges are perfectly true. Insofar as they go.

Then, to climax their charges, the Democrats flatly allege the policies of the Treasury and the Federal Reserve are so restricting business activity that they are plunging the country into another depression, which, aside from a full-scale atomic war, is the one thing most dreaded not only by all classes of Americans, but also by every nation in the non-Communist world.

That charge is highly debatable. And therein lies the seriousness of the Democratic attack. For the factors involved are so complex that the charge can neither be definitely proven, nor completely disproven. This in turn, makes it vital that the thoughtful American citizen make at least a minimum effort to find out what the shouting is all about; to find out just what these policies are, and all of the effects they have on the economy as a whole, as well as on the various economic groups; to find out what the alternative policies are, and what their effects are likely to be; and finally to weigh in their own minds, the wisdom, or lack of wisdom, of the policies under attack. For the Democrats have told only one side of the story.

**THEY** failed to mention (and the Republicans have not yet driven it home) the fact that as a result of these policies the purchasing power of the dollar has remained stable for more than two years.

They also failed to mention (and here again the Republicans have

fumbled the ball) the fact that the "easy" money policies which they advocate, literally defrauded the American public of billions of dollars of purchasing power during the period from 1939 to 1951. Partly due to the inflationary impact of the war itself, and partly due to the administration's inflationary method of financing it, the dollar that was saved by the American worker in 1939, was worth only 71 cents by the war's end. And solely due to the policy of "controlled" inflation that the Treasury and the Federal Reserve pursued from 1946 to 1951, the purchasing power of the dollar continued to shrink to its present value of only 52 cents.

The technicians who guide the day-to-day policies of the Federal Reserve are fully aware that by tightening credit they are running the grave risk of slowing down business activity, perhaps beyond the danger point.

But this, too, must be weighed against the even graver risk of continuing an inflationary boom, which all our economic experience has taught us, must sooner or later explode into a colossal bust.

**T**HE PRIMARY responsibility of the Federal Reserve, and one of the gravest responsibilities entrusted to any government agency, is to supply the banking system with a sufficient amount of money and credit for the conduct of the nation's business and for normal business expansion. If it

supplies too much credit, the results — unless offset by other economic factors — are inflationary; the purchasing value of the dollar shrinks; borrowers tend to over-extend themselves; lenders tend to undertake poor risks; business tends to unsound expansion, and the seeds of boom-and-bust are planted. If too little credit is made available, business contracts, employment drops, wages and salaries are cut; the value of the dollar rises, but dollars become harder to borrow, harder to earn, and harder to repay.

The Federal Reserve employs several techniques to increase or decrease the supply of money and credit to the banking system. It can make loans directly to the banks. It can discount certain types of commercial paper. For instance, a member bank may loan \$100,000 to a corporation for 90 days at 3%. When the note matures, the corporation must repay \$103,000. However, if the bank wishes to expand its reserves for additional lending, it can sell the corporation's note — if it is properly secured — to one of the Federal Reserve banks at a discount of 2%. Thus the bank obtains an additional \$98,000 for lending purposes and at the same time earns a profit of \$1,000 on the original note. By raising or lowering the discount rate, the Federal Reserve can discourage or encourage this type of transaction; by raising or lowering its interest rates, it can encourage the banks to borrow or

discourage banks from borrowing.

ANOTHER device the Federal Reserve can and does employ to affect the volume of credit is the raising or lowering of the reserve requirements of member banks. All banks affiliated with the Federal Reserve system must maintain a certain percentage of their demand deposits in cash or government securities, and within certain limits fixed by law, the Federal Reserve can raise or lower this percentage. Thus if a city bank has deposits totaling \$100 million, and the Federal Reserve fixes reserve requirements for city banks at 19%, the bank can only loan \$81 million of its deposits to customers. And by raising or lowering the requirements a single point, the Federal Reserve can increase or decrease the bank's ability to make loans by a million dollars.

However, the most important tool that the Federal Reserve can use is its authority to enter the open market and buy or sell government securities. Under the law the Federal Reserve can issue new currency against the nation's gold reserve, its own deposits, or against collateral. The interesting gimmick is that when the Fed buys \$500 million worth of government bonds, it can use those bonds as collateral for the issuance of the \$500 million in currency with which to pay for them, thus expanding the nation's supply of money by that amount.

However, the effect on the econ-

omy of this specific operation is by no means limited to \$500 million. It has a pyramiding effect in the banking system, and experts estimate that in times of high business activity, every new dollar creates \$5 of additional credit. Here is what happens. Bank A sells \$100,000 worth of government bonds to the Federal Reserve, and immediately loans the money to one of its customers. The customer uses the \$100,000 to pay certain creditors, who, within a few days deposit their checks in their own banks. This increases the ability of those banks to make loans by \$100,000. Their borrowers pay bills, and the creditors deposit the money in still other banks, whose ability to loan is consequently increased by \$100,000, and so on, until the original \$100,000 is multiplied five times, when experts estimate the velocity expends itself. Thus that \$500 million purchase of government bonds by the Federal Reserve increases the banking system's supply of credit by two and a half billion.

Back in the 1930's the Federal Reserve tried various methods of pumping new credit into the banking system in an effort to pull the nation out of the depression. The efforts, however, achieved little in the way of results, simply because there was no demand for credit. The banks already had enough money to supply all prospective borrowers who could put up the necessary security.

However, when World War II

broke out the situation was quickly reversed. The vital task confronting the Treasury and the Federal Reserve was to finance first the rearmament program and then the war. And there was just not sufficient money and credit available in the banking system to meet these stupendous demands.

So, despite the fact that the war itself was creating terrific inflationary pressures, the Federal Reserve was compelled to pump more and more money into the economy by buying up the securities issued by the Treasury, to finance the war.

AT THE end of the war, the Treasury's task was financing the tremendous national debt. It felt that confidence in government securities had to be maintained at all cost, and pressured the Federal Reserve, which technically is an independent agency responsible solely to Congress, into an agreement to support government securities at par. Whenever the volume of government securities offered for sale in the open market exceeded the orders to buy, and the price tended to drop below par, the Federal Reserve entered the market, buying up the bonds offered, and paying for them, of course, with new money. This was at a time when goods were in short supply, employment, wages and profits at peak levels and inflationary pressures dominating the economy. And by pouring additional billions of dollars

into the banking system, the Federal Reserve (which at that time was little more than an adjunct of the Treasury) was simply pouring more and more fuel on the inflationary fires which were already burning. It held down the interest rates on government securities, made it easier to finance the national debt, but it also forced the purchasing power of the 1939 dollar — which had already dropped to 71 cents by the end of the war — down at the rate of four or five cents annually, to its present level of 52 cents. Thus the worker who was earning \$2 an hour in January found that by December of the same year, he was actually earning only \$1.92. The man who saved \$1,000 in 1946, and invested it in a government bond, or deposited it in his bank, found that by 1951 it was worth only \$730 (in terms of 1946 purchasing power). Thus he had lost \$270 as a result of his government's monetary policies.

By 1951, however, after months of bitter backstage debate, the Federal Reserve, under the leadership of the then Chairman of the Board of Governors, Thomas B. McCabe, commenced shaking itself free of the Treasury's yoke. Mr. McCabe was concerned not only at the increasing inflation, but also by the rapid rate of increase of consumer credit, which he felt had reached the danger point.

In five years, the volume of installment credit had rocketed from

\$2.5 billion in 1945 to \$15 billion in 1950; mortgage loans had jumped from \$35.5 billion to \$72.8 billion; bank loans had doubled, from \$30 billion to \$60 billion.

Mr. McCabe's first moves were to hike reserve requirements and to raise the discount rate. Then he pressured the Treasury into a compromise agreement under which the Federal Reserve would maintain an "orderly" market for government securities, but not necessarily support them at par. And under William McChesney Martin, who succeeded Mr. McCabe as Chairman in April, 1951, government issues were allowed to drop below par, a factor which forced the Treasury to raise the interest rates on its new offerings. And this in turn had the effect of boosting interest rates all along the line, since rates charged by banks and other lenders tend to rise and fall according to the rates on government securities.

**T**HIS is the sound money, or "hard" money, policy that the administration now proclaims as its own, and which is under severe attack by the opposition party. And the attack has already had some effect. The Federal Reserve has again entered the market, and during the first nine months of 1953, bought up \$1.4 billion worth of government securities, thus expanding the volume of credit by about \$7 billion. It permitted an additional expansion of about \$5.5 bil-

lion by reducing reserve requirements of member banks. The effects were to restore government securities to par, and permit the Treasury to reduce interest rates on recent issues.

The Federal Reserve insists the move was made to supply the banking system with the additional credit necessary for normal expansion. However, New York banking circles are convinced it was partly due to the political pressure from Capitol Hill. And even its own officials privately admit that the effects were more than they intended.

It is not the purpose of this article to defend, or criticize, the Federal Reserve's policies. The only thing that was attempted was to try to explain, in simple language, just what is being done, why it is being done, and *all* of the effects the policies are producing.

Monetary policies cannot control a nation's economy. But they can seriously affect it, either for good or for bad. Certainly, if the Federal Reserve is to discharge its important responsibilities properly, it must be freed from purely political pressure. Congress has the right and obligation to examine and criticize its policies, but it should be fair, objective criticism.

And the one thing that the officials of the Federal Reserve Board feel that they need above all else is at least a glimmering of understanding of their policies by an intelligent electorate.

# PATRIOT ON HORSEBACK

*By Russell Newbold*

SOLDIER, propagandist, manufacturer; all these were vocations of Paul Revere and enterprises in which he made vital contributions to America's welfare, but this versatile patriot is remembered for only a single event — the celebrated dash he made across the dark New England countryside on the night of April 18, 1775, to warn of the approach of British soldiers. History, with its preference for the epic, has magnified his famous ride, obscuring the other notable achievements of Paul Revere.

At the age of twenty-one, Revere left home to fight in the French and Indian War. He took part in the historic capture of Crown Point, but after a year of soldiering he returned to the silversmith shop willed to him by his father. His skill was peerless and Paul Revere soon became Boston's leading gold and silver smith, designer of plate, copper engraver, printer, inventor and bell founder. In addition he dabbled in dentistry and Colonial records tes-

tify to Revere's skill in making false teeth and relieving a toothache.

While still a young man, Revere associated with many of the figures who were to play a prominent role in the American Revolution. His intimates included Sam Adams, John Adams, John Hancock and many others. He ardently supported the "radical" Sons of Liberty and attended their clandestine meetings devotedly, often at great personal risk. Although Revere is not remembered for anything he said at these meetings, Sam Adams, the master plotter, nevertheless regarded him with high esteem and directed Revere's talents into the channels where they would serve most keenly.

When discontent became rife over the Stamp Act of 1765, Sam Adams immediately capitalized on Paul Revere's talent as an engraver. Revere produced several sharp cartoons which were caustic caricatures of British tyranny. We rarely hear of him as a cartoonist and propagandist, but it is in this capacity

that Paul Revere made some of his most enduring contributions to the American cause. After the bloody Boston Massacre on King Street on the night of March 5, 1770, Paul Revere, in conjunction with the Sons of Liberty, immediately produced some indignant etchings and engravings of the "Massacre" which he had witnessed. The drawings were so inciting that they not only kept the Colonists' hatred for England seething but they actually won a measure of sympathy from that country. They still remain grim reproductions of a night of tyranny.

As official courier for the Massachusetts Committee of Correspondence, Paul Revere made his *first* ride to New York City and back in December 1773. It was the start of a role that would climax with the memorable ride that has been glorified in rhyme and prose.

AT THE conclusion of the American Revolution, Revere's great achievements were not behind him. His first service to the new nation was his fulfillment of a government contract for printing bonds and designing and printing the first currency, as well as the first official seal of the new United States and the state seal of Massachusetts. The provincial Congress of Massachusetts sent Revere to Philadelphia to study the only power mill in the new republic and he immediately constructed a highly efficient duplicate at Canton, Massachusetts.

After 1780, Revere branched out into several breathless enterprises, and all of them were successful. He shipped ice to the West Indies and constructed a foundry at Canton, Massachusetts, for copper rolling and brass casting. This was the first copper rolling mill in the United States. If Paul Revere had made no other contribution to American progress, this project alone would have assured him immortality. When "Old Ironsides," America's fightingest frigate, *The Constitution*, was launched in 1797, Paul Revere had made another singular contribution to our country's welfare. He had laid the first copper hull for "Old Ironsides," a feature that made *The Constitution* invincible long after he was dead. When the ship sailed to magnificent victory in the War of 1812, Paul Revere was riding with her just as surely as he rode his foaming charger on that night in '75.

In 1818, at the age of eighty-three, Paul Revere died. The chronicles of that time say that all the newborn states joined with Boston in mourning the passing of this great American. He was destined to ride eternally on his sprinting steed across the dark New England countryside, a furtive figure on horseback, symbolized by the clatter of hoofs, a rap at the door, a call to arms. It is strange that one night should overshadow a lifetime of devotion and dedication. Perhaps that is because Paul Revere's ride is an infinite symbol of America's vigilance.



# *Honoris Causa*

## HAS IT BECOME A RACKET?

*By Rev. Robert H. Mercer, S.T.D., D.C.L.*



EVERYWHERE in the educational world honorary degrees are being conferred on men and women by large and small colleges and universities, and in some cases, probably all too many, without any apparent justification as to qualifications, wisdom, or achievement. Has the business of awarding honorary degrees degenerated into a racket? Is there a tacit understanding that, whenever a degree is awarded, something to the advantage of the institution that grants the degree will ultimately be forthcoming?

What is the difference between an honorary degree and a degree in course? An honorary degree is an academic title or symbol awarded without examination, presumably on account of general culture or achievement in some area of the arts or science, or industry, by colleges and universities. A degree in course is awarded as a result of a student's sustained study, covering a period of years, and after exhaustive examination. Thus, it can be assumed at the beginning of this ar-

ticle that it seems unfair and discouraging that a person who has never qualified for a degree should overnight find himself to have become a Doctor of Sacred Theology, or a Doctor of Philosophy.

Jewish history records the institution of the doctorate as early as the fourth century, but it was not generally distributed to the learned until along in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and then to only the more celebrated scholars. When the medieval universities began to confer the higher scholastic degrees, the emperors decided to grant such authority to schools of their own choosing.

It is exceedingly interesting to delve into the records of the past and discover a certain element of levity with which certain individuals regarded the conferring of honorary degrees. For instance, a noted Scottish divine, William Anderson, rejected a Doctorate in Divinity from the University of Edinburgh, on the grounds that the "powers that be" granting the degree were not

capable of judging his divinity. This reminds us that Handel, having been given the degree of Doctor of Music, twisted the diploma into the form of a foolscap and, placing it on the head of one of the college servants, declared: "There, I make you a Doctor of Music." It is a matter of history that the celebrated scientist, Herbert S. Spencer, repeatedly refused to accept any honorary degrees, and there are numerous other instances of that nature that could be recorded.

IN THE United States, honorary degrees were first conferred late in the sixteenth century. Harvard seems to have set the example when she conferred the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology (S.T.D.) on three of her grateful sons, all clergymen, William Brattle, Increase Mather, and John Leverett.

Here in America we have no distinguishing honors to confer on our citizens, such as the peerage in England and equivalent recognitions established in other countries of the Old World, and so there is perhaps a greater tendency in America than in England, for instance, for universities to bestow honors on distinguished men and women, where in the European countries the several governments would be the honoring source. Many of our American universities are richly endowed, and these larger and better-equipped universities are rather sparing in the granting of degrees,

probably averaging from eight to ten every June convocation. However, of the fifteen hundred or more colleges and universities here in the United States, literally thousands of honorary degrees are given out each year, and a cross section of our citizenry are the recipients of these favors.

It is an interesting study to determine how these candidates are nominated for recognition. Do the friends of these favored sons make suggestions to the committees on honorary degrees, the boards of trustees, or the presidents of the institutions, or are the honor lists made up by the authorities of the various seats of learning, with a view to ultimate advantage and financial gain for the institutions concerned? What method do they select when they desire to honor some outstanding citizens for recognition?

Do they make a thorough and exhaustive investigation of those whom they would delight to honor, among the areas of industry and technology, or are they principally concerned with the people who spend most of their lives in laboratories of research foundations and universities, ever seeking for some new discovery beneficial to the well-being of mankind? Surely they must assiduously follow the trails of those who, without thought of emoluments for themselves, are consecrated to the task of adding something, however small, to the sum of human knowledge? Getting a little

closer to this business of honorary degrees, we notice that the method differs in accordance with the policies of the university concerned. Sometimes the choice is made by a board of trustees upon recommendation of the faculty, sometimes by the faculty itself, and infrequently the president of the institution assumes the prerogative of honoring a dear and lifelong friend. At Michigan University the deans of the several schools present the president with the names of prospective recipients, and these in turn await the approval of the board of regents.

THE University of Missouri submits to the whole faculty the current lists of recommendations, and presumably a majority vote of that body determines the eligibility of the nominees. At Washington University the responsibility of selecting nominations is laid on the corporation and, in some instances, the chancellor.

Harvard used to appoint a committee on honorary degrees, headed by an outstanding alumnus, whose wisdom and perspicacity were thoroughly representative of the staid and conservative attitudes of the older families of Boston, and it was not to be expected that any Tom, Dick, or Harry would get a recommendation for a learned degree unless — aside from his personal achievements — his ethnic and social background was without reproach.

There have been instances when the president, although strong enough to award degrees himself, has been overruled by the corporation of his school; Charles W. Eliot is a case in point, when he was overruled by the Corporation of Harvard University in two particular instances.

Virtually all college authorities disclaim any sort of collusion in the granting of honorary degrees; and, generally speaking, open bartering is rarely if ever practised. However, it has to be admitted that a very close approximation to that has happened, and is likely to happen again.

Many people have heard of the possibility of obtaining a degree from certain small colleges in the Bible Belt, and for a sum sometimes as low as one hundred and fifty dollars. Rarely, if ever, does such a transaction come to light in the North; that would be the essence of crudity. But we are not at all convinced that that same thing is not practised in a more subtle procedure, when the prince of finance contributes a million dollars to the cause of higher learning, and the recipient institution feels in honor bound to recognize in a very definite way its appreciation of the donor's concern for our great institutions of learning. The result usually is that an LL.D. or some other degree is conferred on the institution's benefactor.

George Fisher Baker gave Harvard University five millions, and

presented Baker Field to Columbia University. In each case degrees were conferred on this generous philanthropist.

ANOTHER very important scheme in vogue today is the commencement racket. To obtain as speaker some outstanding political or literary figure, very much in the public eye, is the chief ambition of all presidents as commencement time approaches. Is that the way that Bowdoin, Tufts, and Wesleyan felt when they conferred their favors on Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson, and Mark Sullivan? That may or may not be the case, but it would be a saving of several hundred dollars annually merely to pick out some author, statesman, or savant of science, and invite him to honor the university with his presence and give the commencement oration.

As soon as a man is elected president of any university, large or small, it will follow, as the night the day, that soon, very soon, he will be given an LL.D., which means of course that the recipient will in honor bound reciprocate when the proper moment arrives.

The president of a university must have degrees behind his name, to enhance his status and prestige, but sometimes such degrees are as incongruous as the trappings of an elephant on a cat, or as out of place as Saul's sword on the stripling David. President Butler of Columbia University in 1929 included in

his list for one occasion the heads of Minnesota, Purdue, Cornell, Iowa, and possibly another which eludes our memory. You get a repetition of this in 1933 when Harold Willis Dodds was elected president of Princeton, Dennett of Williams, and Conant of Harvard, for during the following year each one of them was showered with honorary degrees; and when Stanley King, manufacturer of shoes, became president of Amherst, it was not very long before he was made an LL.D., of Colgate, Dartmouth, Wesleyan, and Columbia.

Of all the persons, of various types, who have received letters after their names denoting that they have been made Doctors of Divinity, Doctors of Sacred Theology, or Doctors of Philosophy and Law, I venture to assert that a considerable number of them could not read, or at least give a literal translation of, the Latin text in which their diplomas are written.

A lie is never justifiable no matter how cleverly it be bundled in subterfuge, or camouflaged in the habiliments of respectability, or arrayed in the officious insignia of institutional grandeur.

There is no more justification in awarding a degree in divinity than there is in awarding a degree in medicine or any branch of the physical sciences, and to do so is to grant a misnomer, and makes the university "an accessory after the fact."

# RED CONGRESSMEN?

BY MARTIN BERKELEY

THERE is a certain delicacy among Congressmen in their personal relationships that is not often apparent to outsiders. Your elected representative may call a colleague an ugly name during debate but he dare not challenge his patriotism. And he seldom suggests that a member of either house be haled before a committee investigating subversion. So now let *us* look into Communism in Congress.

John T. Bernard was called before the House Committee on Un-American Activities on September 3, 1952. Mr. Tavenner, the Committee's able counsel, asked: "Are you now a member of the Communist Party?"

MR. BERNARD: "I refuse to answer that, invoking my privilege under the Fifth Amendment."

MR. TAVENNER: "Were you ever a member of the Communist Party?"

MR. BERNARD: "I refuse that for the same reason."

The question *should* properly have been asked when Mr. Bernard was a member of Congress from 1938-40, representing a Minnesota district!

Mrs. Kathryn Fogg, who served in the legislature of the State of

Washington while a secret member of the Communist Party, testified in 1948 that among Party members with whom she met was one Hugh DeLacy. Mr. DeLacy was also a member of Congress!

In 1938, Jerry O'Connell, a member of the House from Montana, was defeated for re-election. Mr. Louis Budenz testified in 1948 that, after O'Connell's defeat, there was discussion at Communist Party headquarters about giving O'Connell a job with the International Workers' Order since "*he was one whom the Party felt it must take care of because of his agreement constantly with the Party line.*"

A former Communist, once high in the Party, testified in executive session before the Dies Committee in 1939 *that several men who at that very moment were sitting in the halls of Congress were members of the CP—and he named their names!*

The testimony was suppressed and none of the solons was asked the \$64 question.

THIS leads us to Representative Robert L. Condon (D — Calif.) who, on May 5, 1953, was barred

from witnessing the atom bomb tests.

The basis for this was "information supplied by the FBI to the Atomic Energy Commission."

Representative John F. Shelley (D—Calif.) roared: "Condon is as loyal an American as any member of the FBI. It's time somebody put a stop to such outrageous business."

Only House Majority Leader Charles A. Halleck (R—Ind.) made sense. He called upon Condon to face a Congressional probe and answer charges that he is a "security risk."

To date, nothing has been done about investigating Condon, who stated: "I flatly deny any inference that I have ever been a Communist or have had Communist sympathies."

Mr. Condon protesteth too much. If he has forgotten his past associations with known Communists or the aid, comfort, and financing he has given Communist causes, others have not, for these are matters of public record.

Robert L. Condon was born in Berkeley, California on November 11, 1912, according to the biography he furnished the Congress. He graduated from the University of California with an A.B. in 1934 and received his law degree in 1938. He served as an attorney for the NLRB from 1938 to 1942, and in that year became chief enforcement attorney for the OPA in northern California and regional investigator for the OPA in five western states. From

1942 to 1946, he was in the Army. He was awarded the Combat Infantryman's Medal, the Silver Star for gallantry in action, and two battle stars. After leaving the service he went into private law practice and later represented the 10th A.D. in the California State Legislature, before being elected to Congress in 1952.

THERE is a significant omission in this official biography—the name of Condon's law firm! The name was Edises, Truehaft & Condon, and it is well known in the San Francisco Bay area. The public knows most about Bertram Edises, of whom the California Un-American Activities Committee says:

"Bertram Edises had also acted as counsel for Chapter 25, Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, mentioned prominently in that section of this report dealing with Communist espionage activities in Alameda County, and that he was elected an alternate member of the Communist State Committee in 1944. In 1946, he was lecturing at the Communist School in San Francisco, and in 1950, he ran unsuccessfully on the Independent Progressive Party ticket . . . for district-attorney of Alameda County."

Now, the *People's World* (PW) is the West Coast Communist newspaper. In view of this, let us look at a series of paid advertisements that appeared in the PW.

*August 29, 1947:* The law firm of Edises, Truehaft & Condon sent Labor Day Greetings.

*October 22, 1947:* The law firm of Edises, Truehaft & Condon announced the removal of their offices.

*January 3, 1948:* Robert L. Condon sent greetings to the *PW* on its 10th Anniversary.

*March 27, 1948:* Robert L. Condon sent greetings to the Independent Progressive Party.

*September 4, 1948:* The law firm of Edises, Truehaft & Condon sent Labor Day Greetings.

Can one believe Condon did not know his partner, Edises, was a Red? Is it possible he did not realize he was financing the revolution by advertising in a Communist newspaper?

Now let us skip the period during which Condon deserted the Democratic Party and worked for the election of Henry Wallace, the Communist captive—but let us not skip an item in the *PW* of October 25, 1947, declaring that Condon had signed a telegram to President Truman asking him to halt the work of the House Un-American Activities Committee's investigation into subversion!

On March 5, 1948, there was a meeting in honor of Party Liner Dr. W. E. B. DuBois under the auspices of the California Labor School. Edises, Truehaft & Condon placed an advertisement of greetings in the program. Since Condon

is extremely proud of his labor connections, I would advise him that the California State Federation of Labor investigated the California Labor School, and concluded: "*The school was founded, and is designed to be nothing more than a propaganda agent for the Communist Party.*"

In December, 1948, a handbill listed Condon as protesting the jailing of ten Communists in Federal contempt cases in Los Angeles.

On December 5, 1948, Condon keynoted a conference of the Civil Rights Congress in San Francisco. The CRC had been declared "subversive and Communist" by the Attorney General exactly a year before!

The following organizations—*every one of them cited before that night*—heard Condon speak:

- National Lawyers' Guild
- American Youth for Democracy
- Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade
- International Workers' Order
- The League of Women Shoppers
- Young Progressive Citizens' Committee
- The Communist Party of San Francisco[!]

On January 5, 1949, the *PW* spoke warmly of Condon as one of "four progressive Assemblymen" who placed before the Legislature a resolution "prohibiting the creation of so-called Un-American Activities Committees."

On January 29, 1949, the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* listed Condon



as having voted against an Assembly resolution commending the University of Washington for firing three admitted Reds from the faculty.

The following public items may also explain the action taken by the Atomic Energy Commission upon information supplied by the FBI:

*May, 1949: Circular.* Condon supported the statement of the "Bar Committee Against the Test Oath."

*May, 1949: Circular.* Member, "Committee to Sponsor Conference Against Thought Control."

*June 22, 1949: PW:* listed as sponsor "Bay Area Emergency Conference Against Thought Control."

*September 1, 1949: PW:* Condon spoke at a rally against the "loyalty oath" at the University of California.

Condon also signed the *amicus curiae* brief supporting the lawyers who were convicted of contempt during the trial of the top CP leaders at Foley Square, New York City.

ON July 26, 1950, Assemblyman Condon sponsored a meeting under the auspices of the "Citizens' Committee for Academic Freedom," according to the *PW*, which also reported that on October 20, 1950 he addressed a rally against the "loyalty oath" staged by students at San Francisco State College.

Was Condon unaware that the Labor Youth League, lineal descendant of the Young Communist League, sparked this rally? The *PW* reports him as saying in his address: "Right wing pro-fascist forces ma-

neuver behind the present hysteria in order to stifle every progressive voice."

THE *PW* said on July 22, 1953:

During the 1951 session of the legislature, Condon's friends began to note a gradual change. Still a liberal, he was becoming more cautious. . . . Almost his first act upon his arrival in Washington was to vote in favor of the House Un-American Activities Committee. It was an apparent act of fear. His opposition to the committee's tactics are a matter of record.

Yes, Mr. Condon, your past *is* a matter of record. A record that needs explaining. Representative Halleck has suggested that you submit yourself to an investigation by Congress and the American people. Will you do this, or will you take the advice of the *PW* of July 27, 1953?

The fact that Condon was elected last fall in the face of a Red-baiting campaign . . . is further proof that the people of the district do not go for McCarthyism. With such potential support . . . Condon could well turn the McCarthyite attacks upon him into a smashing counter-offensive against the whole concept of McCarthyism.

The Reds are asking you to play along as you have in the past. They are holding off their attack until you make your next move.

What are you going to do? You see, we are holding off our attack, too.



# LITERARIES AND CHRISTMAS TREES

By CECIL B. WILLIAMS

IT is not easy to comprehend today to what extent a rural school-house could be a community center in pioneer days. Vassar School, in Oklahoma, must have been largely typical. But it was more remote from towns than the majority of the schools, and there is some evidence that there was rather more of liveliness and initiative in its patrons, resulting in somewhat notable extra-curricular activities. Vassar District had its pride; it could do more things and do the same things better than could its neighbor districts, such as Lone Star, Darnell, and Poverty Knob.

The "Literaries" were, generally speaking, the most exciting of the Vassar night-time activities. These were held weekly, for a long time on Friday nights, as a kind of gilded adult postscript to a week of day-time intellectual activity by the youngsters. Some years another night was chosen, often Tuesday, to

avoid conflicts with similar activities in neighboring districts; for some literary-goers, especially the gay young horseback riders, liked to attend more than one literary in a week.

The country literaries prospered for somewhat the same reasons that lecture series by Emerson and lesser lights, lyceum courses, Chautauquas, and little theaters prospered. That is, the American people were in an emergent cultural stage, wanting more of both intellectual food and light amusement than was readily available to them in their rural homes, remote from urban culture and lacking means of communication and transportation.

The bill of fare at the Vassar literaries was a curious medley, to be sure. Since the literaries were held during the time of year when darkness comes early, the customary meeting hour was seven o'clock or seven-thirty, and the program lasted

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on the average about three hours, divided into two main parts, with a fifteen-minute recess between. The literary was set up according to the frontier interpretation of parliamentary procedure, with a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and program chairman. The president would dispose of any business, old or new, then give way to the program chairman.

FOR the pre-recess part of the program, the chairman would present a medley of recitations, by both adults and schoolchildren; musical numbers — there were always a few good voices and persons who loved to sing, good voices or not; and dramatic skits and plays, often written by the casts themselves. Talent scouts from Broadway or Hollywood would not likely have been much excited by the talent displayed, but the performers usually pleased themselves and their audiences. What more was needed?

For some of the participants the fifteen-minute recess was just about the best time of all. The men would all go outside, into the semi-dark of a moonlit or starlit Oklahoma night, and stand around on the porch and in the schoolyard, smoking and cooking up business deals; discussing the merits of the performance they had just witnessed; berating the government or goings-on in the community; or telling stories, many of them representing American folk humor in its frankest, crudest form.

The schoolhouse was left to the women and small children. The women's activities, while the children played tag about the room and up and down the aisles, or ticktack-toe on the blackboards, were the feminine counterpart of the men's. They gossiped, exchanged recipes, remarked that one of the Grover boys had been getting sweet on one of the Huffman girls and speculated how soon they'd make a match of it; noted that Mamie Jones was in the family way and guessed about when her time would be; made plans to get up a quilting at the house of one of their number; and also made comments on the program, both the part that they had heard and the part that was left.

After recess, the president would rap his gavel on the schoolteacher's desk, quite impressively, and as the din of reassembly began to subside the program chairman would introduce the remaining feature of the evening's entertainment. Sometimes this would be a spelling bee or ciphering match. More often, however, it would be a debate, between teams of two men on a side.

Most of the debating was carried on by a dozen or so of the men of the community, and in time they achieved ratings, somewhat like the seeding of tennis players. Sam Garner and George Hodges were rated at the top. Nick Lester and Delbert Black, most frequently the president of the literaries, were also in great demand. Whenever possible,

the debate would be between a home team and a visiting team from another district; Lone Star, Darnell, Marena, occasionally Clarkson.

The debates were perhaps better as entertainment than as forensic performances. The participants used homely analogies and metaphors freely, and were particularly adept in tripping their opponents in fallacies, real or supposed.

The topics debated were often chosen more for entertainment value than for educational significance: "Resolved: That man is more truthful than woman." "Resolved: That the pen is mightier than the sword." "Resolved: That gossip is more harmful than whiskey." Or such more serious subjects as, "Resolved: That Vassar District's greatest need is a longer term of school." "Resolved: That the State of Oklahoma should adopt measures to control soil-washing" (the term *erosion* was not yet in use). And "Resolved: That Democratic government is more beneficial to the nation than Republican."

IT WAS only very seldom that any of the Wilsons attended the Vassar literaries. On the whole Jake Wilson was opposed to them. They meant wear and tear on the schoolhouse and its equipment, and extra expense to the district for wood for heating and oil for lights. Mostly they were worldliness anyway, unbecoming to followers of the good life.

Occasionally the Wilsons would attend when they had learned, by way of the schoolteacher's customary announcement to the schoolchildren, that the second part of the program was to be a spelling bee or ciphering match. These were educational activities beyond a doubt, and Jake's own children could participate in them (weren't Carrie and Terry recognized as the best spellers in the whole school?). One time the captain of one of the spelling teams, choosing the members of his team from young and old, as was the custom, chose Martha Wilson. No one ever knew why; perhaps one of the Wilson children had boasted enough of Mother's spelling prowess that the word had got around. Martha, who had gone to school much more than Jake, was proud of her spelling, as well as her penmanship, but she demurred at being a member of a team; it was not in keeping with her quiet living. Finally, however, she consented, and Jake must have been more than a little proud when she stood up and remained along with Carrie and Terry among the last five to go down. Carrie won, and Mother was second.

After that triumph, the Wilsons came to the literaries several times, and Terry was inspired by the give-and-take of pitched debates, particularly the rebuttals. Father, however, soon found much to disapprove in the "worldly" aspects of the goings-on. Men and women dressed in the clothes of the other sex to

play parts in the dialogues. Faces were blacked to imitate Negroes, and guns fired blank shells to lend excitement to the amateurish acting on the rostrum. He told Martha and the children that they would go no more; such things were not for members of the Church of the Brethren, who had forsworn the vanities of the world.

SOMETIMES a regular literary would be skipped to make way for a box supper or pie supper. This was especially likely to happen a month or so before Christmas, in order to raise money for a Christmas celebration, high-lighted by the gaily decorated cedar tree and presents for one and all.

The Wilsons didn't often go to the pie suppers either, and consequently seldom to the Christmas trees. You *could* go to a Christmas tree without having participated in the pie supper beforehand, but it was embarrassing to do so, since Santa wouldn't call your name for presents — or he might, if someone had managed to pin a present on the tree for you anyway. Terry Wilson always remembered as one of the great events of his childhood his first Christmas tree at Vassar. Teacher had talked a good deal about the tree during school hours; so he had let Mother know how very much he would like to go. She had managed to get Father's grudging consent. So after supper and the chores were over they set out — on

foot — down the muddy lane and through the pasture.

When they got inside the school-house, it was already full of people, and they kept coming. Mother got a seat for them fairly near the front. Since nothing was really going on yet, she let Terry go up to the tree itself, where several of his school-mates had gathered. The tree, a big cedar brought from the Brooks pasture not far away, was beautiful. There were big winding festoons of bright-colored paper chains on it. Terry had helped make such chains during his first year in school. There were popcorn chains too, lighted candles here and there, and a lot of shiny stuff such as Terry had never seen before.

There were several songs and recitations and a little play, which they called a dialogue, the usual Vassar name for a dramatic performance. The dialogue was rather dull for Terry, and he was sort of dozing off, crowded into the seat beside Mother, and with his head about to fall into her lap, when Mr. Black made the great announcement — Santa Claus was coming, and was almost here.

"Santa Claus drives reindeer, you know," he said. "They're not ordinary reindeer either, but magic reindeer that can travel faster than the wind. We've just had the news that Santa has already come most of the way from the North Pole and is now coming through Wichita, Kansas." He paused a moment.

"He's still coming, and now he's at Arkansas City." Another pause. "No, he's in Ponca City." Another. "Now he's in Perry — Orlando — Mulhall — he's just outside the schoolhouse door — and now he's here!" And sure enough, he was, coming down the aisle in all his proper attire, laughing, throwing wrapped pieces of candy to right and left, and saying, "Hello, everybody — I'm glad some of you were good this year, so I could come. No presents for naughty boys and girls you know — ha! ha!"

Then, as the children watched open-mouthed, Santa was calling out the presents, in familiar names of Terry's schoolmates and their parents. For quite a while Terry feared that Santa would have nothing at all for him, but finally there was the bag of candy and nuts, finished off with a red apple and a big orange, that their teacher had provided for each of them, and a new jackknife, a secret present from Mother, quite enough to make a small boy happy.

Now they were on the way home. "Did you have a nice time, Terry?"

"It was an awful nice time," he answered, picking his way along the rough road with difficulty in the darkness of the frosty night. "I wish we could go to lots of Christmas trees," he added.

"You mustn't learn to be greedy, Terry," she said. "We might not get to go to anything like this again for a long while. Just be thankful for this time." It never occurred to little Terry that the occasion had been almost as much of a treat for his mother as for himself.

Finally they were nearly home, and going up the lane. Next day they would hold family worship, and Father would thank God for the gift to men of Jesus Christ, God's Holy Son.

The literaries died out at Vassar long before the country schools themselves were abandoned in favor of town schools. After Del Black was killed by being thrown from his horse, and Sam Garner had moved away, and Nick Lester and George Hodges became too rheumatic to turn out for the literaries, much of the activating force was gone.

The young folks had their parties from house to house.

Then when films began to show in Mulhall and Coyle, all the couples wanted to go to town for their weekly entertainment.

The sober citizenry had taken over at home in large part; the great thing now was to conserve the soil and till it better, and thus to cope with insect and drought, which now made life too hard to foster the lightheartedness of the homesteaders in early days when the grass grew lush in pastureland.

# HOW TO UNDERSTAND VISHINSKY

By Robert S. Byfield

THE language barrier that stands between East and West is hurdled easily by the United Nations linguists who provide fast and exact English translations of all important Russian speeches. But certain words that constantly occur in the diatribes of Andrei Vishinsky and his colleagues don't make sense — in their particular contexts — even in translation. It has been alleged that the Communist word-smiths would have Western listeners believe that black is white, and night is day. Here is a capsule dictionary of this “Commiechat,” defining some key political words in terms of what they *actually* mean to the Communists.

**The People** • The Communists, their sympathizers or collaborators in any satellite nation or prospective satellite nation.

**Enemies of the People** • The anti-Communists, their sympathizers or collaborators in any satellite nation or prospective satellite nation.

**Traitor** • A particularly active individual among the anti-Communists.

**Slanderer** • Anyone who tells the truth about the Soviet Union.

**Reactionary** • Outside of the Iron Curtain, anyone who isn't a Communist.

**People's Democracy** • A totalitarian government, taking orders from Moscow.

**Fascist** • Anyone who believes in capitalism.

**Anti-Fascist** • A Communist.

**Progressive** • A Communist sympathizer; a fellow traveler.

**Liberation** • Conquest of a free country by Communist infiltration or force.

**World National Liberation Movement** • The power grab of international Communism for world domination.

**Aggressor** • Any person or nation opposing Soviet imperialism.

**Peace** • A condition of helplessness and indefensibility before the military might of the Soviet Union.

**Peace-Loving** • Any nation, people or individual willing to cooperate with Moscow.

**Cooperation** • “You let us do what we want and then help us do it.”

**War** • Not necessarily the physical clash of men on a conventional battlefield, but propaganda, intrigue, assassination, blackmail, economic pressure, infiltration, subversion, agitation, kidnapping and shakedowns.

**Warmonger** • Anyone who is willing to defend himself or his country, if need be by force of arms, from Soviet enslavement.

**Profiteer** • Anyone who makes a profit.

**Monopoly** • Any corporate enterprise.

**Monopolist** • A businessman.

**Imperialism** • The act of investing money abroad for any purpose whatsoever.



# A LITTLE SCIENCE WITH A BIG FUTURE

*By O. A. Battista*

**M**ICRURGY is a little science with a big future. It's small because it deals exclusively with things that can't be seen with the naked eye. It's potentially big because it deals with things that affect health and life and comfort. And it's interesting because it takes man into a Lilliputian world.

Micrurgy is the science of using super-midget tools to explore the little things of life that can be seen only with a microscope. You can ruffle the hairs on a human hair with micrurgy. You can shoot a hypodermic into a living cell or do a surgical job on a bacterium. Treacherous microbes may be captured and held in place as they wriggle desperately in a vain attempt to escape the dissecting scalpel of the micrurgist. Splitting hairs is an easy job with the new pint-sized pigmy tools. A complete chemical analysis may be performed on a pinpoint of

blood, or a sample of a new synthetic vitamin or hormone which would take up about as much space as one good sip of nectar by a thirsty honeybee. A whole kit of micrurgy tools would fit into an eyewash cup. And the lightest direct human touch would be like a hammer blow in their operation.

Men who have written love letters on the back of a postage stamp, or scratched the national anthem on a pinhead with a tempered steel needle, used capital letters in comparison with some of our modern scientists. The micrurgist uses chisels, hammers, saws, magnets, hypodermic needles, scalpels, brushes and rakes in conjunction with an instrument called a micromanipulator. This machine holds the tiny tools and moves them delicately by screw adjustments.

Entirely new species of fruit flies, grasshoppers, fruits and flowers have



been initiated on an experimental scale by these new techniques. Many new botanical and zoological hybrids or monstrosities will be brought into being by the application of microsurgery on germ cells. There seems little doubt that someday scientists will be able to tailor a plant to meet certain requirements; cultivate a three-colored rose, a seedless apple, or a stingless bee!

The bread of tomorrow is expected to be smoother tasting, more uniform in texture, and have greatly improved, all-round palatability thanks to the work of a young researcher in the laboratory of a large yeast manufacturing company. With a pair of microtweezers and a micro-manipulator, this young scientist recently succeeded in capturing a single cell of yeast from a highly refined culture.

Ordinarily, yeast consists of millions of hybrid cells whose individual diameters are measured in millionths of a meter. A genuinely thoroughbred strain of yeast was never developed because it had not been possible to start out with a single yeast cell. Micrurgy now makes possible the manufacture of newer, purer strains of yeasts which are expected to play an important role in improving the "staff of life."

ON a recent weekend, I stopped in to see Dr. Robert Chambers, Emeritus Research Professor of Biology at New York University. I made the visit because Dr. Cham-

bers is a micrurgy pioneer. He is one who uses his naked eye only to gaze at the outside world, knowing that this organ can see things only if they are about 1/200th of an inch or more in size. Under the ordinary microscope, Dr. Chambers and his associates in micrurgy can see an invisible world. This world is magnified about 2,000 times by an ordinary microscope. With microscopes using ultra-violet light, it is magnified up to about 5,000 times. And with the new electron microscopes, it is magnified about 100,000 times!

To the micrurgy scientist this expansion of vision isn't enough. He wants to poke and probe and cut and generally work with magnified material. Using the latest micrurgical equipment, it now is possible to tear apart single particles of dust, to study the toxicity of chemicals on any given type of body tissue, to perform chemical analysis on pinpoint specimens or to help track down criminals by digging for clues on a suspect's clothing.

Of course, as Dr. Chambers points out, these are just a few of the things for which this new science may be used. "The full value of micrurgy," he says, "as applied to biological and industrial problems is yet to be appreciated. But it undoubtedly will assume ever-increasing importance to investigators of the microscopic worlds. I dare say that eventually the new techniques may become as important to

the microspecialist as a pole which would reach the surface of the moon would be to an astronomer."

**M**ICRURGY already has helped to solve many problems. For example, Dr. Chambers and his associates have devoted much of their efforts to exploration of the life processes. Until recently, the little packets in each life cell holding the hereditary factors of an individual have remained beyond the reach of man. Nature sealed them in an almost tamper-proof package. Now micrurgists try to isolate individual cells and to dissect them so that their 48 chromosomes can be altered.

Using a micrurgical hypodermic needle, Dr. Chambers already has demonstrated that each life cell is covered with a tough membrane. He demonstrated this fact (long known to science) by injecting dye into the cells with a tiny needle. The color remained locked in the cell; it refused to diffuse to adjacent cells. This membrane which protects the cell is extremely tough. Often it is difficult to cut even with micrurgical scalpels or needles.

"At one time," Dr. Chambers explains, "I thought of using a bee's stinger to inject chemicals into certain cells. But after I assembled this natural hypodermic needle in my micromanipulator, it proved to be much too blunt."

Valuable information is being obtained by breaking membranes of

cells and examining their rate of repair under the stimulation of various chemicals. This, obviously, will lead to knowledge in healing medicines. Similarly the toxicity of foods can be determined by watching the effect of the food on the individual cells. Cells try to eject a toxic substance. Micrurgical science studies this ejection, tries to discover just how much poison a cell can take.

With microneedles, hooks and scalpels, the micrurgists perform delicate surgical feats. They operate on delicate eye tissue and on brain tissue. They even hold bacteria in check mechanically while these operations are being performed.

Micrurgy has been used by some microspecialists to win patent suits, to measure the elasticity of gels, to study the surface of metals, and in many other ways.

"As the value of working with tiny tools under the microscope becomes universally recognized, micrurgy will grow," says Dr. Chambers. "At present the specialized equipment and techniques are fostered only by a handful of experts."

Some day the work of the micrurgist will parallel that of the astronomer, only at the other end of the dimensional scale. Instead of exploring stars, which are hundreds of millions of miles away, with powerful telescopes, the men behind the microscopes will examine the little things in life. But their work, in the end, should be of far greater importance to man.

# THOSE FABULOUS SPINNERS

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By Vance Hoyt

PERHAPS you do not like spiders; most of us don't. But much can be learned from the wonders they perform and the good they do in destroying vast numbers of harmful insects.

Although more abundant and diversified in the Tropics, spiders range far into the Arctic regions and are found almost everywhere that earthly conditions will sustain life. Two tiny eight-legged mites, primitive relatives, were recently discovered thriving on lichen moss in the Boreas area of Queen Maud Land in the Antarctic. Even far up on Mount Everest, at an elevation above 22,000 feet, small black species of spiders have been found living among the wind- and snow-swept rocks, making them the world's highest thriving land animals.

Spiders constitute a large family of some 25,000 described species. They are not insects but arachnids, possessing lungs and eight legs in place of six. Originally all spiders had eight eyes but many lost one or more pair. Some cave-dwelling species are even blind.

The big South American taran-

tula, *Theraphosa leblondi*, is the giant species of spiderdom. It is almost three and one-half inches long, and large enough to capture a fair-sized bird. Its bulk is more than 100,000 times that of the smallest of the spider clan, *Olgunius obectus*, which is barely one-twenty-fifth of an inch in length. This spider is also a South American inhabitant.

Our only native poisonous spider is the black widow, *Lactrodectus mactans*, whose nonsticky and elastic thread, when split to measure about .00005 inch in diameter, is used as "crosshairs" in such precision instruments as bombsights and telescopic gunsights. The average life span of the Black Widow is about one year; and not until adulthood does the female become either black or a widow. It is then that the ominous hourglass-shaped red or yellow spot appears on the underbelly and the female becomes highly poisonous. Her bite, however, is not necessarily deadly. To some persons the venom is almost entirely harmless. Others may die if proper treatment is not given immediately.

UNTIL the middle twenties, the black widow spider was rarely heard of except in the southern part of the United States. Today, however, it is found in every state in the union and far north in Canada. Also, it is plentiful in the Hawaiian Islands. But, like all other forms of life, the widow has several check enemies to prevent overbreeding. One of her most insatiable nemeses is the little dipterous fly.

On several occasions I have watched this tiny parasitic fly, *Gaurax araneae* (Coquillett), lay its eggs on the white or yellow egg sac of the widow, even as she hovered protectively over her precious treasure. The spider seemed to sense that something was wrong, but her eyes are not good in the sun, and the fly is a tiny and agile sprite. Thus deposited, the fly's eggs hatched and the almost microscopic larvae wormed their way through the silken fabric into the widow's pearly eggs and fed upon them with impunity. Then, about three days later, some 200 fat, full-grown fly larvae pupated and changed into cocoons. In a couple of weeks the cocoons burst and the adult flies emerged and took wing in search of other black widow broods to destroy.

Few sights in nature are more fascinating than spiders' building of their unique nests of gossamer. Did you ever watch the common garden spider weave her web? The next time the opportunity comes your way do not destroy the clever one but note

carefully the skill and perfect ease with which the spider goes about her task. All the products of her loom, from the suspension bridge to the elaborate egg sac, are architectural rarities to contemplate. Truly, the symmetry of her wheel web, and the artistic manner in which it is created, make it a work of art.

What a marvelous engineer and workman! But the most wonderful thing about the spider is the thread she spins. It exudes from her spinnerets like a trick of magic. You will soon learn that the thread she manufactures for the construction of the spirals, or network proper, is of a different material from the other threads that support the web. It is sticky and very resistant, so tenacious and strong as to hold securely prey many times larger than the mistress of the net herself.

SPIDERS construct many different kinds of web and nest. There are funnel webs, orb webs, sheet webs, hammock webs, double bowl and dome webs, and webs of indescribable beauty and shapes. There seems to be no limit to production and to the uses to which the spinners can apply the magical silken strand of their microscopic spinnerets. They make sacs for their eggs, shelters for protection from enemies, drag-lines for security and for moving various objects, balloons for aerial navigation, and many other things for service in their varied and romantic lives. A certain spider in New Guinea

weaves a giant web strong enough to be used by the natives as fish nets.

The lasso spider constructs a unique web for capturing the most cautious prey. It spins a triangular web with a single line of elastic thread running from the apex of the triangle to the twig. At the twig end of the line sits the spider itself. Holding fast to the twig, it reels in the silken thread like a harpooner until there is a pile of loose folds coiled among its legs. The trap is now set and the spider patiently waits for some adventuresome insect to touch the web. When this happens, it lets go of the line and the rebounding web throws its sticky strand against the victim and ensnares it.

In some areas, during the fall months, spider webs can be seen almost everywhere, a billowy gossamer sea glistening in the morning light. The migrating flier *Araneida*, with her streamer kites floating high in the air, occasionally travels as far as 200 miles without coming to rest. The glimmering gossamer of these airborne sprites drifting mysteriously at considerable height in the moonlit welkin has been mistaken for flying saucers.

Although spiders are air-breathing animals, the little water spider has acquired the remarkable ability to descend beneath the water, where it builds its winter home. Crawling down the stem of some aquatic plant in a pond, the female chooses a likely place for her nest. A number of strong lines are spun for anchorage,

in the middle of which she constructs a thimble-shaped web with open end down. Then, returning to the surface, she dives back into the water, carrying with her tiny bubbles of air sticking to the hairs of her legs. Entering the bell of her home she carefully rubs these off. Thus, traveling swiftly up and down the stem, she finally has air instead of water in her home. Then she crawls in and, head downward, goes to sleep for the winter.

THE trap-door spider performs feats no less marvelous. It has been my privilege through the years to observe the resourceful nest of this solitaire earth-dweller. The tube-burrow of this Amazon of spiderdom is about ten inches long and one and one-half inches wide. Fitting neatly in its upper end is the hinged door composed of sun-dried mud reinforced with webbing. Its undersurface and the walls of the tube are lined with smooth, silky webbing of a lustrous and velvety appearance, polished as hard and slick as tile. The trap door is so perfectly seated that not a drop of water can enter the burrow during a heavy rainstorm.

When the trap is set, the female holds the door closed with her strong fangs inserted in two small holes in the under side of the lid. When she braces herself in the burrow with her legs, it is only with great difficulty that the lid can be raised. A knife blade bends when attempts are made

to pry it open. Experiments have shown that the spider is capable of resisting a lift estimated at ten pounds on her door.

I have forced open the door of many trap-door spiders' burrows and found the female clinging desperately to it. Some of them allowed themselves to be lifted partly out of the tube before they let go and dropped back into the dark interior. But, as soon as I closed the lid, the dauntless inmate invariably returned and got another tenacious grip.

AS WITH the ground-inhabiting tarantula, the great spider wasp, *Pepsis*, is the trap-door spider's most deadly enemy. When lighting near the door the spider may leap out and capture the wasp before she recognizes it and is stung in turn and rendered entirely helpless. The door to the nest being open, the wasp enters the burrow, dragging its victim to the bottom of it, where she deposits her egg in or on the paralyzed body of the living spider. There the grub, when hatched, burrows into the body of its host and feeds on its warm living tissues, but does not attack such vital organs as the heart. The spider lives with the grub within it, usually until nearly time for the latter's pupation. The grub then spins a silken cocoon around itself. Later it breaks its way out and appears in the form of a perfect spider wasp, which, after mating, finds another spider host to repeat the cycle.

OF ALL the forms of life on earth, the female spider probably has the least respect and greatest contempt for her lesser half. The inscrutable Mrs. Bluebeard's romantic deceit is beyond compare. When the urge to woo overcomes the insignificant male, he must needs make wary advances to a voracious, ruthless and cannibalistic glutton. For hours on end the tiny mincing Lothario displays his sexual charms before the churlish shrew. In some species the male has little odd, bright-colored tufts of hair which he flirts as he dances his rigadon of death before the lurid enchantress, his pitiful antics being always fearful, now ludicrous, now pathetic. While he is dancing, he is fairly safe; for the female may appear surely amused by his solemn cavortings. But, if he should stop, she will attempt to capture and devour her would-be lover.

Some males will timidly approach their ladylove bearing insects as tender tokens of their affection. Other males, of the web-spinning species, venture to attract the female by a series of enticing jerks on the web. But, since any web disturbance is also a signal that prey has run afoul of the snare, the male never can foretell the nature of his reception. He may be taken either to the lady's full-blown bosom or into her not less ample stomach. But, no matter which way the play ends, the fabulous spinner of web and death will surely eat "the fool there was!"



# LIVING ON CAPRI

*By Phyllis W. Heald*

CAPRI and the Blue Grotto are synonymous. To see one and not the other is as idiotic as listening to Amos without Andy or claiming you want eggs and no bacon. Nevertheless, right here, I must confess we lived on Capri nine months and I never visited the Grotto. I always intended to, but when the weather was good, so was the swimming, and I hated to leave the beach. When the weather was bad it was too rough to take the little rowboat and make the trip. However, I must exonerate my husband. Weldon had visited Capri before, and covered all its scenic points, so his only reaction was a slight uneasiness at my wilful neglect, and a troubled sense that he ought to do something about it. But he was a bridegroom at the time and hadn't learned just how far he dared push his authority.

We had come from Braunwald, Switzerland, where an unusually rainy, cold spring had dampened our ardor for mountain climbing. In contrast to the snow, ice and bleakness of the Alps, Italy's sunshine and warmth was like heaven on earth.

"Let's stay awhile," Weldon suggested one morning as we floated lazily on the blue water and gazed across the Bay at Vesuvius shooting out columns of smoke.

"Let's," I agreed, and ducked my head to study the ruined outlines of Emperor Tiberius' palace, built as a summer home during his reign, 42 B.C. to 37 A.D. And, for the past several centuries submerged in the Bay of Naples.

So at luncheon we asked the concierge at the Hotel Quisisiana if he knew of a place we might rent.

"Si, si, Signori" he had answered, full of animation and gesticulations. "I think of just the right spot for you. She is perfect!"

"She" was perfect. The concierge was as correct as he was voluble.

Thus we moved into the little white Villa Unghia Marina. It was on the south edge of the island, situated high on the side of a hill overlooking the Faraglioni rocks, against which, we soon learned, the Mediterranean lapped gently when at peace with the elements, or flamed furiously when angry. Even

the breeze came from distant, mysterious Africa. There was romance in the very air.

The approach to Unghia Marina was by a path not over three feet wide, with a steep drop on its right and a high mountain to the left. Part of the hill had been dug out to nestle the little house into its side. Our terrace hung over space. On bright days we sat there watching sunbeams sparkle and dance on the shimmering sea. In stormy weather we leaned over its railing to see the surf break and crash against the rocks two hundred feet below. But it was at night we liked it best. Warm, tropical, sultry nights when the atmosphere hung heavy with beauty. Silently we would watch for the stars. First, slowly, they'd come, then more and more rapidly until suddenly the heavens seemed ablaze and thousands of lighted candles pointed down on us. As soon as this celestial show was complete, an earthly one began. One by one lights came on, lanterns of the fishing boats. Boats of a fleet that spread far and wide, turning the black waters into an inverted sky.

**B**UT housekeeping, even on the magic isle of Capri, has to be practical. We were fortunate in finding Carolina. Of course, it was our good friend, the concierge, who got her for us. And she was as "perfect" as the house. Carolina was not five feet tall, neat and trim in her brown dress and voluminous white apron,

grey hair knotted securely at the nape of her neck, a sweet, wrinkled face dominated by piercing black eyes that were yet kind and understanding.

We soon discovered that having Carolina was a rare bit of luck. She actually was in the employ of the Scottish author, Compton McKenzie. When his home was not open she was permitted to work elsewhere with the understanding that should he return she must immediately come to him. Mrs. McKenzie had taught Carolina numerous foreign dishes so that her repertoire was not limited to the usual peasant menus of spaghetti, chicken, and vegetables cooked in oil. And especially lucky for us, the Compton McKenzies did not come back while we were on the island, so we had Carolina for our entire stay.

I can't imagine how we would have gotten along without her, for as the weeks passed and we made friends, it was not unusual to have two or three people drop in just at luncheon or dinner time. Carolina was always equal to the emergency. There would be plenty of *omeletto*, *insalate con cipolli*, *zuppa con riso*, or whatever it might be, to feed three, four or six unexpected guests.

Carolina spoke no English and my Italian was meek and mild. But we got along beautifully by using gestures.

She did not need much supervision. She ran the house, planned the meals, and did the marketing.

Our life on Capri soon fell into an easy, pleasant pattern. After the usual Continental breakfast served on a tray — coffee, croissant rolls and jam — we went to the beach, the Marina Piccola. Having joined the fraternity of “islanders,” we left the north beach — the Marina Grande — strictly alone. It was for tourists and outsiders. After swimming, we would go up to the piazza to have an *apéritif* and watch the boat from Naples arrive with its daily load of tourists.

After the excitement of the steamer had subsided, we would collect the mail it had brought and return to Unghia Marina for luncheon, a siesta and an afternoon of personal activities. Rarely did anyone intrude before cocktail or tea time — which was six o’clock. The evenings were always social. If there was not a definite party planned it was an accepted procedure to wander up to the piazza about ten and sit around the Bar Tiberia drinking coffee and discussing any number of things, far into the night.

Dinner parties were fascinating affairs because of the language problem. Capri, like Monte Carlo, is international in appeal. People from everywhere retire and live there, and most of them are wonderful linguists. Weldon and I attended one dinner at which nine languages were spoken: Italian, French, English, German, Dutch, Russian, Spanish, Latvian and Arabic.

Our most constant friend was

Prince Caracciolo. He came of an old Neopolitan family, impoverished by time and war. He and his sister had converted their Capri home into a *pensione*.

Another good friend was Baron Von Shack. The Baron had been one of the Kaiser’s personal guard. He was six feet four, handsome, gentle and very appealing. He spoke only German, Dutch and extremely bad Italian, so our opportunities of understanding each other were limited. But at his white cottage in Anacapri, where he lived on his soldier’s pension, there was always a warm welcome, a cheery smile and a helping hand for everyone. He loved the native “vino” and kept a big washbasin filled with ice and bottles of it in the middle of his tiny living room.

WE all seemed to understand each other on Capri, without the use of many words. Possibly that was the reason. Or possibly it was the “vino.” But finally we decided to move along. The winter was cold, and we still had lots of the world to explore.

Of course we told all our friends we would return. I don’t think they believed us because they shook their heads knowingly and Caracciolo said, “You mean it, but you never will!”

However they didn’t realize that I’ve never been to the Blue Grotto and, of course, some time I’ll have to go.

# HERMAN GOERING



By  
*Brigadier General*  
*William W. Quinn*

*answers*

## THE \$64 QUESTION



REICH MARSHAL Herman Goering is dead — and probably forgotten by many. I have not forgotten him, however, nor have I forgotten that day in May, 1945 when he astounded some very important people with his keen intellect and his unusual analysis of the Nazi defeat.

Goering had surrendered to our forces earlier in the month and was being questioned by our officers in the U.S. Seventh Army. General Spaatz, who then commanded the American Air Forces in Europe, on learning of Goering's status, requested us to fly him to London for interrogation.

General Patch, the Seventh Army commander, replied that he was not through with Goering at the moment, but if General Spaatz wanted to talk to him at Seventh Army Headquarters he would make Goer-

ing available. Later, General Spaatz, accompanied by General Vandenberg, certain of his staff and a few civilian technicians, flew to Augsburg, Germany, sometime around the middle of May, 1945. On arrival, his party was joined by General Patch and myself and all of us proceeded to the prisoner of war compound where Goering was incarcerated.

We moved into a rather new and modern school building which served as the headquarters for the enclosure. We went upstairs to the principal's office, which was very well lighted and furnished with relatively new and modernistic furniture. We all took seats in a semicircle in front of an enormous desk which was almost black in color and bare on top except for a small, revolving globe of the world.

I had told the Reich Marshal of the impending visit of General Spaatz. He seemed delighted and I believe a little flattered that General Spaatz was interested in talking to him. He told me he would enjoy the visit as he was sure they had a lot in common.

It was interesting to watch Goering when he was ushered in and placed behind the big desk. One could assume that the maker of the desk must have had Goering in mind when he built it, for they went together like a picture and its frame. Goering bowed slightly in greeting and, upon the interpreter's instructions, sat down at the desk. He had on his favorite blue-gray uniform with heavy gold braid trimmings but without ribbons or medals.

Before the conversation began, Goering made a short salutatory statement to General Spaatz. He was very complimentary and said that he was extremely glad to be able to see and to talk to General Spaatz face to face as he held him in great esteem as an airman. However, he added that he wished the circumstances were just a little different and that he were not the vanquished. General Spaatz smiled at this and the conversations began.

GENERAL SPAATZ started with questions about the "Battle of Britain," the technique and tactics of the air fight over the British Isles, i.e., Luftwaffe offensive tactics and the Allied defensive mechanisms. By

Goering's dissertation on this comprehensive subject it soon became apparent to the whole party that his technical knowledge regarding aerodynamics, meteorology, jet propulsion, was amazing. Not only was he a strategist but he had a tremendous amount of basic knowledge of aircraft and the techniques involved in their employment; so much so that General Spaatz on several occasions turned to his advisors and looked at them quizzically. Without exception they nodded back affirmatively, indicating that they agreed with the particular observation or the statement involved.

Goering also gave quite a discourse on the B-25 and its role in the Allied air counter-offensive. He admitted that he was completely fooled and surprised by its extensive use. He went on to say that it was not the existence of the B-25 that came as a surprise but the fact that he had grossly underestimated the industrial potential of the U.S. to produce it in such numbers and to introduce it in combat with such speed and devastating effect.

This conversation continued for some time until finally General Spaatz said, "Now, Reich Marshal, I am going to ask you what we call in America the '64-dollar question.' I want to ask you: Could we have defeated Germany by strategic bombardment alone and don't you consider, from an airman's point of view, that the Normandy invasion was unnecessary?"

## *Herman Goering Answers the \$64 Question*

I remember the knowing smile that flashed across Goering's face when he answered, quite dramatically, "Nein!" (No!) I also remember General "Sandy" Patch's chuckle when he turned to General Spaatz and said, "Tooey, you asked for it and you sure got it."

General Spaatz countered with another question: "If you do not believe that we could have defeated you by strategic air and that we had to invade the Continent, will you please explain to me your reasoning?"

Goering slowly rose from the chair as the principal might have done when posed with a tough question from one of his students. He glanced out of the window and turned slowly back to General Spaatz. As he gave the globe a slow turn with his finger he answered, "I'll try."

"I'll try to show you precisely those reasons," he continued. "First you must understand this: that in the history of warfare there has never yet been an offensive weapon that has not been countered by a defensive one. Swords developed the shield, the submarine developed the destroyer, the bomber the interceptor, and so forth. Of course, offensive weapons destroy when the defensive ones are absent, but my premise is that defensive weapons or techniques have kept only a short step behind offensive weapons. Naturally, such evolution is based on a standpoint of sheer military necessity.

"For example, when the Lancasters and Liberators were giving us a going-over, we began to go underground. I might interject at this point, that if we had started at the outset to go underground, your B-25's would not have hurt us seriously nor would have your heavy bombers. However, we made great progress in our passive defense program, particularly with our industrial tools, other critical and strategic products and supplies, as well as the jet. And I tell you this, Herr General, if we had had one more year, at the rate at which we were rapidly building our jets under shelter and unmolested by your strategic aircraft, we would have driven you from the air. And since your people have captured and inspected our jets, I am sure you can have little doubt.

"Consequently, if there had been no invasion, if the Allied infantry had not stormed the beaches of Normandy when it did, we would not have been defeated from the West. There would have been no decision in the West.

"NOW THE reason that the invasion led to our defeat was the fact that it caused the clock to run twice as fast from a standpoint of time available to us. In other words, when the invasion came, our position became doubly worse, for besides the running out of time, we were now confronted with loss of space.

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“We lost so much ground that eventually we had to take men out of the plants, put rifles in their hands and dispatch them to your front to try to hold back the tide — to save this space and gain more time. And as we lost the men in the plants, our production decreased, so that our dispatch of a jet for combat was progressively becoming less frequent.

"Finally we came to the point where the production returns diminished to zero. We were overrun. We lost the war. So in answer to your American '64-dollar question,' Herr General, had you not invaded when you did, we would not be having this conversation today."



» Give us not only the needed implements of war, but the assurance and backing of a united people so necessary to hasten the victory and speed the return of your fighting men.

G. C. MARSHALL  
DOUGLAS MACARTHUR  
WILLIAM D. LEAHY  
E. J. KING  
C. W. NIMITZ  
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER  
H. H. ARNOLD



*He laid the groundwork  
for the weapons of today . . .*

# WILLIAM CONGREVE

## Father of Rocket Warfare

BY J. GORDON VAETH

ROCKETS are usually thought of as something new in warfare, a product of man's latest technical ingenuity and know-how. Actually, they were invented by the Chinese over seven hundred years ago. Their modern military use dates back to the early nineteenth century, to the work of a British inventive genius named William Congreve.

History has not been kind to this father of modern rocket warfare. Widely honored by the scientific and military world of his day, his achievements are now almost totally forgotten, his name known only to rocket specialists and to a few others. Yet it was Congreve who produced the missiles which inspired Francis Scott Key to write of "the rocket's red glare," and it was Congreve who gave Britain's sea and land forces a devastating and terrifying secret weapon to use against Napoleon. With this weapon, the city of Copenhagen was burned, and the modern concept of rocket warfare born.

Congreve's interest in rockets resulted from British military reverses in India. During the 1790's, British troops had unexpectedly come face to face with native rocket troops. Indian rockets, crude affairs made of iron tubes, had been fired against them with considerable success. The effectiveness of this unusual weapon deeply impressed Congreve. He decided to develop it for England.

Born on May 20, 1772, Congreve was in his late twenties when he began his work with rockets. As a start, he bought the largest sky-rockets which could be obtained from the fireworks manufacturers of the day. These he carefully disassembled, assembled, and test fired, studying their design, construction, and performance in flight.

Not satisfied with these commercial models, he proceeded to develop designs of his own. With them, he was able to achieve increasingly greater performance and range. He sought to improve their accuracy by

shortening, relocating, and redesigning the long wooden stick, or tail, which stabilized the missiles in flight. To increase their destructiveness as military weapons, he built explosive and incendiary warheads into the nose of the rockets and then invented the time and impact fuses to detonate them.

To test his rockets, Congreve had neither far to go nor long to wait. Britain was at war with Napoleon.

During the night of October 8, 1806, two hundred rockets were fired against Boulogne from the small boats of British men-of-war. For thirty minutes, this salvo of rockets poured into the city from stations only a half mile from shore. The results were promising. Some of the port and much of its stock of military provisions were set afire and destroyed. The Admiralty was impressed and ordered more rockets.

The next combat test came the following year when the British fleet attacked the Danish city of Copenhagen. During the naval bombardment, between 25,000 and 40,000 rockets were fired against the city. The incendiary rockets did their job thoroughly. Much of Copenhagen was burned to the ground; the military value of Congreve's rockets had been proven.

**T**HESE and other successes brought Congreve fame throughout the British Empire and the world. In 1810, he became equerry to the Prince

Regent; and in 1811, was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The same year he received a commission as a lieutenant colonel in the Hanoverian Artillery, his first military rank despite his many contributions to the science of warfare.

Meanwhile, the combat use of Congreve's rockets increased. Originally it had been the Admiralty which first recognized the destructive potentialities of these weapons. But the Navy's successes with these missiles soon attracted the attention and interest of the Army. About 1812, the British Army adopted rockets as a standard weapon and established rocket brigades and troops to handle this new type of ordnance.

But every military weapon is sometimes ineffective. Congreve's rockets were no exception. They failed notably on September 13, 1814.

It was a day which found the United States and Britain at war. English troops had captured the city of Washington, burned its public buildings, and turned north in search of new victories. Fort McHenry, protector of the seaward approaches to Baltimore, was under a British naval attack which began about 7:00 A.M.

As the battle progressed, small boats set out from British warships at anchor in the Patapsco River. These boats were manned by sailors wearing protective clothing made of leather. They carried Congreve rockets and ladders which could be raised

and lowered in the boats to serve as launching ramps. As they approached Fort McHenry, the missiles were mounted on the ladders, the ladders raised, and the rockets fired against the Americans.

This rocket attack, the same one immortalized by the words of the *Star Spangled Banner*, was spectacular but ineffective. The defenders of Fort McHenry successfully withstood the British attack and lost only four men killed and twenty-four wounded. Unable to take the fort, the British abandoned the attack and moved on.

IN 1815, England began a period of relative peace. Napoleon had been defeated and the threat of his armies removed. The war with the United States had ended.

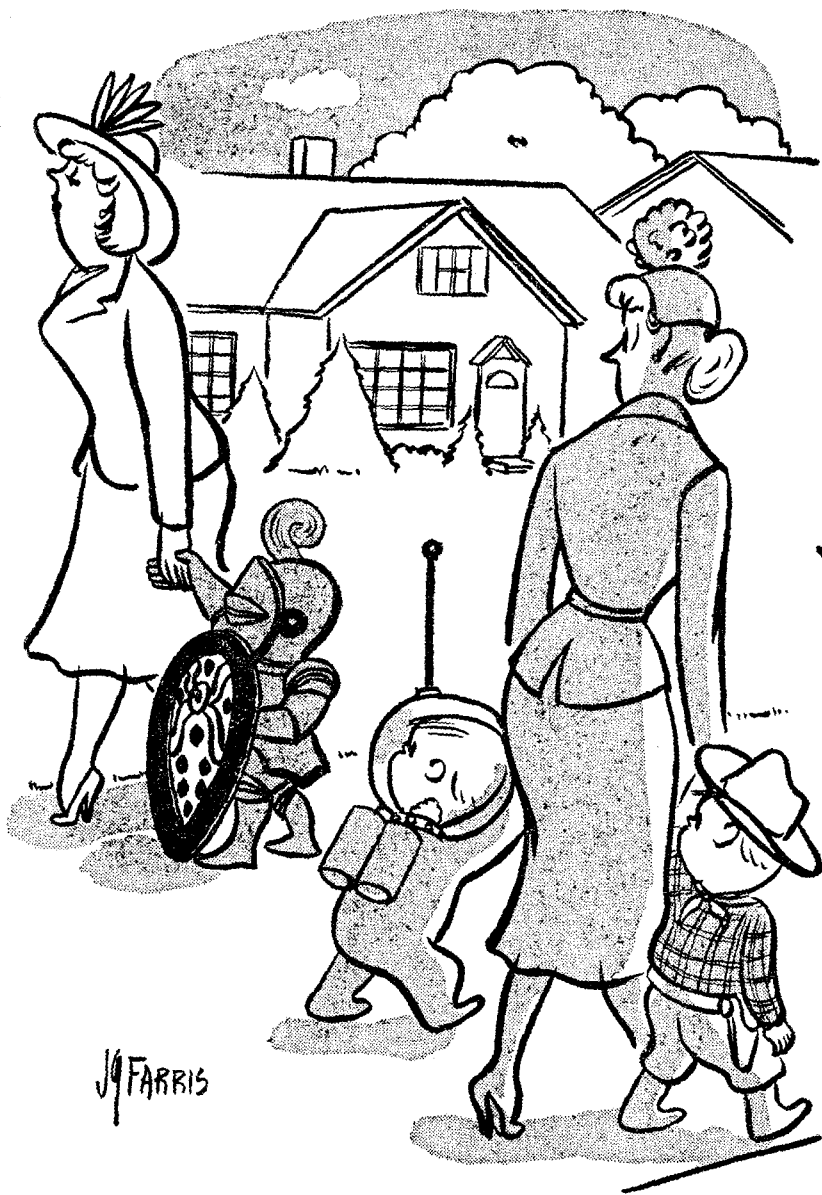
Congreve had by now designed and built rockets ranging in weight from thirteen to forty-two pounds. Most consisted of a metal tube packed with gunpowder and attached to a stabilizing stick about fifteen feet long. Some had succeeded in traveling 3,000 yards.

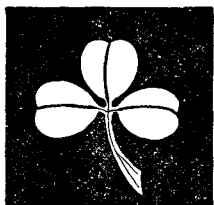
The Napoleonic wars were over, but interest in military rockets continued high. Congreve believed that his rockets would eventually replace cannons and guns, but he could not foresee the great improvements which would be brought about by the rifling of gun barrels. Placing grooves in barrels to spin shells in flight was to give artillery greatly increased accuracy and range.

Progress in guns and gunnery would make the war rocket obsolete by the end of the nineteenth century. But the twentieth century would see it revived.

William Congreve died in 1828. At his death, he was considered one of the most ingenious and versatile inventors of the day. In addition to his achievements with rockets, he invented a process of color printing which was widely used on the Continent, a hydro-pneumatic ship canal lock, a steam engine, a system of armor plating for warships, a recoil mounting for guns, banknote paper which was impossible to forge, a clock which told time by measuring the roll of a ball on an inclined plane; and last, but not least, a "perpetual motion" machine. So great was his reputation as an inventor and as an expert in fires and their prevention that the first British safety matches were called "Congreves" in his honor.

Today, aircraft use rockets to provide extra power for take-off. They carry rockets as weapons for use against ground targets and submarines. On the ground, the infantryman faces heavy barrages of anti-personnel rockets and himself uses a rocket called a bazooka to destroy enemy tanks and armored vehicles. These, the latest weapons of the present, are the direct outgrowths of the solid-fuel rocket techniques developed by William Congreve — nineteenth century father of modern rocket warfare.





# GRASS-ROOTS AMBASSADORS

*By Ruth S. Livingston*

IN 1947 a new bit of slang entered the American vocabulary, already rich in slang phrases. This time, however, it had an international meaning. "Iffy" applies both to the United States and to countries abroad, and is an important contribution to the forwarding of international understanding so necessary in this present day.

"Iffy" symbolizes the International Farm Youth Exchange Program. This was originated in this country late in 1947, and owes much to six young British farmers, members of British Young Farmers' Clubs, who spent three months over here living on farms of 4-H Club and Future Farmers of America (F.F.A.) members. In 1948, seventeen of our young ruralities went to seven European countries and six exchangees came to the United States. Four years later 280 delegates went from this country and 212 exchangees came

here to live the family life of farmers in thirty-five states.

It was toward the close of World War II that 4-H Clubs and other similar youth organizations throughout the country found that a frequent topic of conversation whenever they gathered was, "How can we make sure it doesn't happen again?"

Various methods were discussed; food and clothing were sent abroad. But the young men and women of America decided that something more was needed — something more constructive toward a better understanding between rural people around the world. Since the family is the basis of all society, they decided they could best make a contribution to world peace by helping to further an understanding between rural people at the family level. They also firmly believed that in the grass-roots of a country are the real roots.

With young people everywhere, to talk is to act. They decided that if young men and women from farms in the United States could live and work on farms in other countries and if their counterparts in those countries could come here, then each could learn of the way of life of the other, and better understanding would result. So they came to the Cooperative Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture with their idea for furthering an understanding between rural groups. There they were encouraged and received the support necessary to transform the "idea" in to the present program.

NO GOVERNMENT MONEY is used for this project. The cost for each two-way exchange, including the administrative overhead, is about \$1,200.00. This is taken care of by voluntary contributions to the National 4-H Club Foundation and to State Iffy funds through the State Extension Services.

The program itself is simple and practical. It includes preparation and training at home through use of language and reference materials, intensive orientation before departure (usually in Washington, D. C.), transoceanic passage by ship or plane, usually with a group, with some orientation en route as well, a reception and program in the designated foreign country, planned and supervised by the U. S. Agricultural Attaché in cooperation with the host country, and *living and working* with

two to ten farm families for four to six months. The young people attend church, youth meetings, exhibitions and rural affairs with the host families. Upon their return to this country their task is by no means completed. It is their mission to spread throughout their various home states their knowledge gained from experiences, speaking not only to their contemporaries in 4-H Clubs and to the Future Farmers of America, but to adult groups as well. One Iffy returnee gave over 150 lectures in 1952, and it would be difficult to estimate how many heard him and changed their opinions of the country the Iffy had lived and worked in.

An Iffy must be twenty to thirty years of age, a high-school graduate with a mature personality. He must have been reared on a farm and know its life and work. He must have experience with rural youth organizations and must be eager to understand other people, and able to speak the language if going to a non-English speaking country, or willing to learn the language of his host country.

The foreign exchange is selected on much the same basis, plus a knowledge of English and a very real desire to absorb and employ the ways of farming as it is done in this country. He, also, must share his experiences with the stay-at-homes upon his return to his native land.

The delegates find an amazing amount of interest in American ways. Surprise is often expressed

that these young people really intend to live and work with the rural families in whichever country they find themselves and they really do so. It has long been a prevalent opinion in foreign lands that all our young people tear around in Cadillacs and rush from movies to dinners and dances; that all farm work is mechanized and no American knows how to use either a hoe or a scythe; that merely pushing buttons accomplishes all our housework.

Jewell Ellis, a Kentucky girl, gave her farm hostess a surprise in Israel. "I think that one of the best experiences that I had this past week," she writes, "was when I worked in the kitchen. To begin with, it is a job neither the men or women like, and by working there I think I rather persuaded the people that we *do* work in America. The first job was washing dishes. They just couldn't believe that we knew how to do such work. After the first day I was told, 'You left everything so clean . . . you work very fast . . . you are very pleasant.'"

**A**NOTHER prevalent notion that exists in practically all the foreign countries to which our delegates go is that everyone in the United States is rich, no matter whether he lives in cities or in rural areas. This concept is one which our Fulbright exchange students have remarked on many times. William Runsick, an Arkansas youth, came upon it in England.

"I made one friend the hard way," he says. "We were at a young Farmers' Club meeting and I was talking to a farmer. He first asked me if I didn't have all the money in the world. I just said, 'No, of course not.' He replied that he thought America had money to throw away. I changed the subject and started talking about the 4-H work and happened to remark that 4-H'ers were helping to improve farming conditions. He said, 'Oh, do you mean there is something in America that needs improving?' This went on for some time; then finally he said, 'I want to shake your hand. You are the first American who ever admitted that the U.S. wasn't perfect.'"

To be an Iffy is to become an authority on things in the United States, says Georgena Risinger of Pennsylvania. "I have been asked all types of questions from comic to serious. They didn't mean to be funny, but they just happened to seem funny to me, especially the ones: 'Do cowboys live in your state? Are there Indians living in Indiana?'"

A knowledge of mechanics, of what makes the wheels go round on tractors, was a useful asset for Bob Hume of Mansfield, Massachusetts. He found himself on a Tunisian farm where the agricultural implements were immobilized because of necessary repairs. No one knew how to do them. Bob had been a leader at home in tractor maintenance for his local 4-H Club. As 90 per cent of the



Tunisian tractors were of American manufacture, he found himself on familiar ground. And here shirt-sleeve diplomacy came in. A firm friendship was established between the Tunisian farmers and the young American who was willing to get down in the dirt and grease and get the machines working.

Herbert Brown of Kentucky has a good word to say for Turkey. He spent many months there with different agricultural families. "The Turks are really making progress in agriculture," he writes. "You see some of the most primitive farming in existence and also some of the most modern methods. They are people who are trying to lift themselves by their own bootstraps. . . . There is no racial problem here because if one is born and raised here, he is a Turk. All of the men consider themselves brothers regardless of their skin is black, yellow or white."

TO WORK side by side and to share the same deprivations and discomforts with peoples of different countries typifies democracy at its best. Exchangees are as welcome in the United States as are our delegates in foreign lands. Forty-four countries have so far sent young people to America to live and work with our own young people on farms in all parts of the country. Without exception, they have all been eager to learn English, to join wholeheartedly in the community activities of American youth.

One boy, a German, returned to his home so imbued with the spirit of his experiences in America that the first task he set himself was to convince another youth in his district, a youth brought up in the Nazi creed, who bitterly opposed even any mention of America, that he was missing the best thing to be had in life if he did not take advantage of the Iffy program. So well did he succeed in this that his Nazi friend applied for, and received, permission to come over and see for himself what it was all about. Today there is no more ardent supporter of the International Farm Youth Exchange program than this boy, who is winning friends for it all over Germany. "Germany is my Fatherland," he maintains, "and America, my Motherland."

Democracy in the United States began on the farms. It had its roots in the grass. The same courage and foresight that gave this country democracy in its early days is today showing to other countries in a practical way the road to democracy. Everyday working together is a binding force. The young people who desired to establish a better understanding among nations by reaching out to the rural and more isolated communities, where there is less contact with all sorts and types of strangers, evolved an idea that is having far-reaching effects upon far-and-wide friendships. They are truly grass-roots ambassadors.

BY HARRY THOMPSON

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# Thinking of SUICIDE



TICK-TOCK, tick-tock. The big clock ticks away the dark depths of time. It is six o'clock in the morning. Mary tosses on the bed in her hotel room. Emotionally thwarted, life seems futile and she is afraid of living. Mary eyes the bottle of sleeping pills and glass of water on the night table, reaches for them, swallows a handful. Tick-tock, tick-tock.

It is now 6:30 and little Johnny crawls out of bed. He's a bit terrified and he's grief-stricken as the result of last night's whipping for bad behavior. Johnny doesn't remove his pajamas but picks up his cowboy lariat, slips down to the basement, fashions a noose, ties an end to a steam pipe and hangs himself.

Tick-tock, tick-tock. The hands of the clock point to seven. Tommy showers, shaves, dresses, makes a hurried cup of coffee and starts for the bus. But he turns back at the doorway and thumbs through the stack of bills he can't pay. There is a moment of indecision as he peeks

into the bedroom. Back in the living room he takes the insurance policies out of a drawer, re-reads the various clauses, satisfies himself these cannot be defaulted, picks up his war-souvenir pistol, and calmly blows out his brains.

Around the clock, twenty-four hours a day, this sort of thing goes on. *Suicides are as inexorable as time itself, and in the United States there is one every thirty minutes.*

Thinking of suicide? *Just a minute, please!* Put that pistol down! Throw away the poison! Flush down those sleeping pills! You have not reached the end of the rope and ends *can* be made to meet. For there is an organization — listed in the telephone directories of many cities — which offers to the despondent a new grip on life and sells, for free, the courage to live. It is the National Save-A-Life League (usually listed as *Save-A-Life*), and it is a religious, non-sectarian, non-profit agency, having as its purpose the prevention of suicides, and dealing with suicide

in all its phases. Since its organization, it has saved the lives of more than 42,000 persons bent on self-destruction by immediately contacting and counseling persons who try but fail to end their lives, providing medical and mental treatment, aiding in straightening out financial situations — and doing the same for individuals contemplating “ending it all” who call at their offices.

THE STORY of the League dates back to 1905. It was conceived under circumstances which have guided its methods to this day. In the early morning hours of a bleak fall day in that year an almost hysterical young woman picked up the telephone in her room in New York’s old Fifth Avenue Hotel, then at Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street.

“I must see a minister,” she said, “*now.*”

The night clerk knew whom to call.

For several years the Reverend Harry Marsh Warren of the Central Park Baptist Church had taken time out from his duties to conduct non-sectarian services in New York hotels. He characterized them as “my parish of all strangers.”

The night clerk called Dr. Warren. But there was a delay. The call had gone astray. When he finally arrived, the young woman was dying of poison.

She grabbed his hand. “I just couldn’t hold out,” she whispered. “If you’d come sooner, maybe I —”

She was dead.

Dr. Warren told his congregation how a precious life had been lost because he was not available. He told his congregation — and all New York in a plea in the newspapers — to contact him if they felt desperate. In a matter of hours Dr. Warren had an even dozen of would-be self-destroyers in his parish house. He resigned his pastorate, trudged the streets passing his hat — and organized the League.

When Dr. Warren died in December, 1940, his tall, dark, massive son — a man with a soft, persuasive voice that should be on television — succeeded him. Young Harry Marsh Warren, Jr. was a student at the University of Pennsylvania and dreamed of a business career. But he spent his summer vacations in the League’s office. He was intrigued by the work and, upon his graduation, joined his father. He met a fellow worker, Florence Perine, and they were married in 1933. They live in Bronxville and despite the responsibility of four children, Mrs. Warren manages to work eight hours each day at headquarters, 505 Fifth Avenue. Never forgetting his father’s tragic experience with the girl at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Warren has seen to it that the League is available by telephone, around the clock, not only in New York (Vanderbilt 6-2142) but in most other big cities.

Mr. Warren sat at his desk. The bottom of the chair opposite his desk

was warm. A teen-ager had just departed. She was two months gone and her sweetheart had been sent to Korea while she was vacationing with her family. The girl was determined to kill herself.

Mr. Warren called Washington — and the boy was en route home for a wedding.

"It is a common belief that people who threaten to kill themselves never do," observed Mr. Warren. "This is not true. I likewise reject the theory that all who attempt, or commit, suicide are insane. It is a fact that about one-third of our cases indicate psychotic symptoms. But the other two-thirds are sane in every sense of the word. Many plan the act coolly and calmly for many months before going through with it. Like packing for a trip to Europe. The late Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, president of the American Psychiatric Association, asserted ' . . . to practically everyone at some time or another in life comes the thought of suicide.' "

"We have learned a great deal about suicide, and suicidal attempts," said Mr. Warren.

Some of the things learned:

Statistics indicate 100,000 people attempt to end their lives every twelve months — and 22,000 are successful.

Suicide ranks eleventh in the United States as a cause of death.

Insurance companies — despite clauses which bar payments to beneficiaries if the insured commits suicide within two years from the date the policy was issued — pay some \$30,000,000 a year to families of men and women who elected suicides as the solution of their problems.

More men than women kill themselves.

Suicide is almost completely limited to those of the white race — a fact for which there is no answer.

Springtime (maybe because of young love, but with no statistics to prove it) is the worst season for suicides.

There are more suicides on Tuesday than any other day in the week, because that is the day the bills arrive.

Suicides decline in war time — because more people are employed and have but little time to worry about themselves.

"Why do people want to kill themselves?"

Mr. Warren pondered the question.

"The most common motives are ill health, domestic troubles, economics and prolonged emotional stress," he answered. "The question of finances leads the list.

"Often we have saved a life for as little as a five-dollar bill."



# PICKLED ONIONS IN DUBLIN

*By Vivian Reedy*

THE MAN named O'Connell looked loftily out over our heads into the bright Dublin morning. To Dubliners, obviously, he meant something pretty special — he merited not only a statue but a street named after him.

Vic concentrated. "O'Connell," he murmured. "Daniel O'Connell."

"Sure and you're right entirely," broke in a voice behind us. "'Tis Daniel O'Connell, but that it is; 'tis himself and no other." A little man in an ancient bowler was beaming at us.

Six weeks of "touristing" had made my brother quick to take advantage of knowledgeable strangers.

"When was he shot?" he asked, seizing on the one characteristic all Irish heroes have in common.

"Shot?" said the little man, smiling benignly. "And why would ye be thinkin' he was shot, now?"

"Well," faltered Vic, "it's just that everyone seems to be. By the British, I mean," he added, hoping this clarified things.

"Now that's the first I'm after

hearin' of it," said the little man. "Dan O'Connell shot by the British! And here I'd been thinkin' he was after dyin' a peaceful and holy death with his children round him, the green flag o'er him and the villagers a-weepin' at his little cottage door. And all the time it was shot that he was. And by the *British*, of all surprisin' people."

"But then," he went on, lowering his voice confidentially, "there's a bevy or a covey or a flock of things in Dublin that are not just what they seem. Not," he amended, "what they're given out to be. To choose one only — out of a very great number, mind ye — do ye know the Post Office just down this very street?"

I nodded. "Easter Rising, 1916," I said. "Irishmen and Irishwomen: In the name of God and the dead generations . . ."

The little man winced slightly. "Don't go on," he pleaded. "The language's a bit strong, and anyway, it's all a story, a made up thing with not a word of truth in it. Be-

cause they had to explain how the Post Office got wrecked that Easter, they made up this story that there was a revolution. A revolution, they says! That was no revolution. It was leprechauns."

"Leprechauns?" breathed Vic.

"It was leprechauns, entirely," said the little man. MacDonagh was a post office clerk. He sold stamps at the fourth window from the right-hand end. But he got into trouble with the leprechauns."

"How?" asked Vic.

"Various ways. But principally," said the little man, his face darkening, "by breaking the Treaty."

Vic nodded. This sounded authentic. Treaties were scattered like confetti through our *Pocket Guide to Irish History*.

"THE TREATY was a very ancient one," said the little man, "and provided that the leprechauns had complete rights — title, guaranty and trust — to all those strips of gummed paper running down the sides of sheets of stamps. These strips were very important to the leprechauns. They formed the chief staple of the leprechauns' economy."

"How did they use them?" I asked.

"To stick things together, of course," said the little man. "Things that *should* be stuck together. This and that. Ham and eggs. Currier and Ives. Trouble and strife."

"I see," I said hastily. Dimly I felt that reality was somehow receding, but two days in Ireland had

accustomed me to that sensation.

"This MacDonagh, as I may have implied, was a very bad lot. He reneged on the Treaty. Instead of leaving his sticky strips for the leprechauns one night, he took home the whole week's supply.

"The leprechauns, finding they had been cheated out of their just dues, became incensed. On Easter Monday, when everybody was home for the holiday, several loud explosions were after bein' heard to come from within the Post Office, and fragments of rock started flyin' about like. The frightened citizenry hovered outside, 'til one lad, braver than the rest, plucked up courage to enter the strangely behavin' building. He found the place a shambles, wrecked entirely. At first your man was at a loss to know what had occasioned the aforementioned explosions and carryin's on. But soon his eye was after lightin' on a clear and unmistakable clue. There amid the shreds and wreckage of the once lovely public building lay a gleaming, solitary pickled onion!"

We looked blank.

"Surely you're after bein' aware," said the little man, "that the one way in the world in which leprechauns betray their presence to mere mortals like ourselves is by leavin' behind a perfect pickled onion?"

I murmured something about rings where grass wouldn't grow and curdled cream.

"Oh," said the little man. "There may be such tales about purely *rural*

leprechauns. Meself, I'm a Dublin man born and bred. I was speaking only of the leprechauns which lives in Dublin."

WE HAD been walking along Westmoreland Street during the lengthy explanation. Suddenly the little man stopped us at the foot of another statue. "Would ye be knowin' who that is, now?" he said.

We looked at the base. "Moore," read Vic. "Oh — *Thomas Moore*."

"Now aren't you the wonder, though!" beamed the little man. "Sure and that's who it is, entirely. Tom Moore!"

Warmed with his praise, Vic ventured further. "The author of *The Minstrel Boy* and *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls*," he said.

"Ah, No," the little man said quickly, "No, I'm after knowin' the one you mean. A fine man he was. But this Tom Moore is a different man entirely. *This* one here is old Baggy Tom Moore, the notorious snake importer. And it's not a mere statue, as you might think after givin' it a casual glance like. 'Tis the man himself, turned to iron and put here for a warning."

"Heavens," I said, "how did *that* happen?"

"It was leprechauns," said the little man solemnly.

We listened intently as he told of the snake Baggy Tom Moore, Dublin pubkeeper, found in a case of brandy. Unlike "a true son of St. Patrick," he kept it, and worse,

began importing others as company.

"Fortunately," continued the little man, "the leprechauns got wind of it in time and wafted him here to stand forever."

"But how do you know it was leprechauns?" asked Vic.

"Sure, and what else would it be?" asked the little man. "And besides, when they found him the next morning, wasn't there a wreath of pickled onions around his neck?"

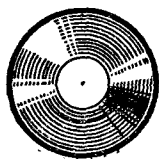
Vic, ever alert for an interesting pub, had spotted one. We all adjourned there and Vic ordered three of those wonderful mahogany-and-cream-colored Guinnesses.

"Three?" asked the bartender.

We were puzzled. Though the bartender poured out the three glasses deftly enough, he wore the the Continental's "Crazy Americans — might as well humor them" look of which 'til that moment Ireland had seemed blessedly free. Then we realized what the trouble was — there were now only two of us as potential drinkers of the three Guinnesses. Our little man had silently disappeared.

This struck me as only natural, and I tactfully avoided watching for his reappearance through the door marked *Gentlemen*. But it was Vic, a mystic at heart, who grasped the true explanation. Wordlessly, he pointed to the polished surface of the bar. There, nestling between the second and third Guinness, lay a small, lucent, perfect pickled onion.





# Sound on Disc

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI's predilection for crashing musical climaxes has made some sort of a hero out of him to one segment of the listening audience. Those who listen to music with their heads rather than their bellies, however, run shudderingly from Stokowski's orchestral orgies, particularly when he is doing a fandango with Bach. And by extension, they shun any attempt to lift Bach's music out of its baroque context. There is one gleaming exception to what is, in general, a sound attitude: Bach's music as played by the guitarist, Andres Segovia. In his hands, the guitar can capture the rigorous sonorities and crisp cadences of the German titan.

M-G-M has dug up some fine examples of the Segovia Bach from the forgotten Musicraft catalogue — transcriptions for guitar of the *Chaconne from the D Minor Violin Sonata* and of a group of dance pieces originally written for the lute. They are beautiful as Bach and beautiful as performance. Though they were recorded in the 'thirties and therefore lack the brilliance we expect in LP's nowadays, they remain in the select category of collector's items.

To celebrate Bruno Walter's seventy-seventh birthday, Columbia has issued a series of his recent recordings. Among them you will find Mozart's *Symphony No. 40 in G Minor* and the *D Major Symphony* (No. 35), popularly known as the Haffner, and a collection of Mozart arias in which Walter backstops Eleanor Steber. There are many ways to approach a Mozart score. Each work has a many-faceted gleam — the mannered gaiety, the tidy perfection, the feyness, the brooding and encompassing tragedy. Walter is a four-square conductor (as Steber is a four-square singer), which means that he does not seek to add or subtract from what the composer set down. This it seems to me, is a considerable improvement over Toscanini's headlong playfulness with Mozart's music. You pay your money and you take your choice. These new and glistening recordings (with the New York Philharmonic Symphony) happen to be my choice.

Elegance, clarity, calm — these were the outstanding qualities of Mendelssohn's life and music. They are, to a surface degree at least, the characteristics of Sir Thomas Beecham's conducting. Composer and

conductor are happily wedded in Columbia's new recording of Mendelssohn's *Symphony No. 4 in A Major* ("Italian"). . . . There is less felicity to Erich Leinsdorf's reading of Beethoven's *Third Symphony* ("Eroica"), on Columbia's low-priced Entré label, which is fuzzily recorded and stodgily played. . . . A program of Spanish music — Albeniz's *Iberia Suite*, *Turina's Procession del Rocio*, a *Granados Intermezzo*, and excerpts from Falla's *La Vida Breve* — receives more than adequate verve and color from Gaston Poulet and the London Symphony Orchestra on the M-G-M label. The recorded sound is cleanly delineated. . . . For those who like their music with a Russian accent, there is a Rimsky-Korsakov program from M-G-M — seven brief works which go beyond the realm of the concert hall standards. . . . And from the French quarter, M-G-M has gathered together four important French composers — Chausson, Honegger, Ravel, and Milhaud — in works for orchestra and solo instrument (Fabienne Jacquinot's and Elizabeth Lockhart's piano) led by Anatole Fistoulari.

ON THE popular side, the Art Tatum Trio walks on cat feet over some pleasant tunes — *Tea for Two*, *Lover*, *Out of Nowhere*, *September Song*, etc. — and then stomps off in cascades of sound, shimmering arpeggios, and a relaxed beat. Tatum's pianistics grow more fan-

tastically agile with the years. Capital's recording is sharp and full. . . . Also on Capital, the Goodman Duo, Trio, Quartet, and Quintet in a series of standards and originals. It's called *The Goodman Touch*, and Benny hasn't lost it.

Popular musical taste, which shifted from swing to bop to the wailings of peptic crooners, has ushered in an era of ornate and sentimental arrangements of sad or sweet songs. A prime example of the new sensibility is Alex Stordahl's *Dreamtime*, a collection of lovely oldies (*Easy To Remember*, *Imagination*, *As Time Goes By*, *What Is There to Say*, etc. played with a maximum of fiddles and a minimum of *schmaltz*. (Capital) . . . Equally successful is David Rose's *Beautiful Music To Love By* — twelve somewhat less evocative tunes (*Wonderful One*, *Tenderly*, *Suddenly*, etc.) orchestrated on an M-G-M disc with considerable musicianship.

Once upon a time, Woody Herman played blues and Dixieland music. Then he moved over into what is called "bop" — a combination of the jazz beat and the more neurotic elements of contemporary music — and became America's most popular band leader. This was back in 1946, and it led Herman and his orchestra straight into Carnegie Hall. You can now hear *that* band in a performance recording of the concert. As bop bands go, it's great stuff, but I prefer my jazz undiluted (M-G-M). R.D.E.T.



# Am I My Brother's Brother?

BY ROSA MEYERHOFF

THROUGHOUT the pages of the Scriptures, the underlying theme in most of the precepts is Brotherly Love. We read such commandments as: "Open wide thy hand unto thy brother"; "Show mercy and compassion unto thy brother"; "Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity"; and so on.

Not only is this precept on Brotherly Love a mandate in the Bible, but it is also, in this present day, advocated by the medical profession. Doctors recommend it as a basic therapy for ailments that arise from emotional and mental disturbances.

The theory is, of course, that by thinking of others we "forget ourselves," and therein lies the cure for self-centeredness and its resultant disorders, such as hypersensitiveness, hypertension and hypochondria.

But when one has become accustomed in life to seeing only his own joys or sorrows, to "pulling for himself," it isn't so easy to start a new trend.

Perhaps this method will help: Let us think of ourselves as being "brothers" or "sisters" of our fellow-men, our brethren! As a sage once said, think of yourself in terms of *we* and not in terms of *I*.

We are but a part, a blend in a plan of harmony, a member of a family of fellow-humans upon this earth, all children of our Heavenly Father.

We are currently in an age when those who are on the quest for right thinking are striving to become "well-adjusted" and "well-balanced" individuals. The most effective way for them to gain a good inner balance is to unlock the "portals of their hearts" and allow others to enter in.

It is written in Proverbs 4: 7, 8, 9 — "The beginning of Wisdom is, Get Wisdom: and — Understanding. Exalt it and it shall promote thee. It shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall it deliver to thee."

Unless we are "brothers," interested in the feelings and comfort of

our brethren, how can we even get to the first step on the ladder of wisdom and understanding? How can we learn compassion and mercy toward others? It is like learning to swim, by the method of theory only, and without any water. It is like learning to play music on a dummy instrument that produces no sound.

Living a life exclusive of being a "brother," not intermingling goodwill, good thoughts, good deeds with others, is like staying in a closed room with the windows shut. We can breathe in only the air that we breathe out — no new, fresh air!

Shutting the interests of others out of our lives means adding no new stimulus to the mind. No matter how much knowledge that mind has acquired, it stays in its self-same groove and cannot improve.

If it does not give out any substance, there is no space for replenishment with new, fresh material, and it eventually becomes stagnant because of its lack of change.

**B**EING a "brother's brother" means being ever mindful of the other fellow's comfort.

It means putting someone at ease during a moment of embarrassment.

It means exchanging a few words

with a lonely one who feels that no one cares — even though the conversation be merely a discussion of the weather.

Giving a person a kind and encouraging word when he is low in spirit may be the turning point, from failure to success, in that person.

Being a "brother's brother" means harboring no grudges, but being ready to forgive and be merciful toward those whose act could be interpreted as a slight. In Proverbs 11:17 we read: "The merciful man doeth good to his own soul."

Being interested in our brethren evolves into the highest concept of Brotherly Love, to "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Love is an element which, psychology tells us, is universally needed by all — the young and aged, the rich and the needy, the coward and the brave.

It is plain to see why those who can supply this fundamental need are the most sought after, the most admired individuals, and the most apt to succeed in life.

Are we our "brother's brother?" We'd better be, if we are seeking a wholesome, happy life, free from loneliness and depression, and filled with the riches of friendship and well-being!

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A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another; even as I have loved you, that you also love one another. By this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another.

— *The Gospel According to Saint John: 13, 34-35*

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# Can the Polls Be Trusted?

BY I. J. TAYLOR

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HAVE you taken a look at the new cars lately? Did you ever wonder why they are so huge, so hard to park, so easily damaged, so chrome-splashed? The answer is very simple. Market-analysis reports say that that is the kind of car people like. Who dares to argue against such scientific data?



Market-analysis operates on the theory that the opinions of the public at large can be accurately predicted by sampling the opinions of a small, representative group. The method is used in gauging prospective markets for new products, in determining why old products aren't selling as they should, in sounding out public opinion on general issues, in predicting elections. But just a moment. Let's look at the record, to quote a man who had some election trouble in his time. Isn't this substantially the same method that had Dewey elected president in 1948, and had Eisenhower and Stevenson in a very close race in 1952? Please pardon an unscientific skepti-

cism, but aren't there some slight flaws in the results?

At a luncheon in New York, one week before election, Mr. Frank Gallup made a most interesting speech on poll-taking. After making his brief prediction that the election would be a very close race, he went on to say that such predictions were not the main business of members of his profession, but they were a most handy way of checking on the accuracy of their poll-taking techniques. He said that their debacle in 1948 may have been the best thing that could have happened to the pollsters, since it made them modify these techniques and kept them from getting too sure of themselves.

We infer that election predicting must be the most accurate branch of poll-taking. This constant re-checking and correction must help, much as a forward observer helps the artilleryman, telling him that his last burst was too long or too short.

The other types of polls, which we

divide into the market-analysis type and the "Do You Sleep in Pajamas?" type, have no such aid. We infer that they cannot be even as accurate as the much-maligned election poll.

To get back to the 1953 car, its design may in a large part be determined by public opinion polls. For example, let's assume that these polls say that people would prefer larger steering wheels in their cars, plus a larger rear window. The manufacturer puts these in his new model, and sales jump five per cent. His natural assumption is that both items contributed to the increase, so he continues them. The fact may be that people are so enamored of large rear windows that sales would have jumped ten per cent, except that they hate large steering wheels, so that cut the gains. Or perhaps the manufacturer's chief competitor had a particularly ugly model that year, and the sales might have jumped twenty per cent for our manufacturer if he had just left his design alone.

But then we come down to the third, or "Do You Wear Pajamas?" type of poll. This type is quoted in half the magazine articles of today, and used to prove an astonishing variety of statements. Traditionally, if the figures from a poll back up a statement, the statement is true. Period. In our opinion this is the least accurate of the three types of polls. It lacks even the partial check that sales figures give to a market-analysis poll. The only corroboration

that can be obtained is from more and similar polls. Why should it be accepted as a valid argument for or against anything?

IT IS EASY to find out a man's opinion on a subject like politics—usually the problem comes in trying to shut him off. But put yourself in the place of a person who is asked point-blank, "Do you think your wife is a good cook?" "Is your marriage a happy one?" or "Does your husband earn enough money?"

Your first reaction is irritation at the impudence of the question. The pollsters are aware of this reaction and are skillful at avoiding it, using the best human relations techniques to make you willing to answer. Assuming that these techniques have worked, how would you answer the questions? Are you sure your replies would not be colored by the fact that you had creamed haddock for dinner last night, or that the finance company was around about the furniture again today? What is happiness, and how do you evaluate it? A corps of philosophers could discuss such questions for years, but you are expected to give an answer off the cuff. It is bound to be a reply accompanied by lingering doubts and conditions. Add up a thousand peoples' doubts and qualifications, and you end up with nothing of much value.

This may sound heretical, because there is an old, old fairy tale going around: if you ask a large number of

people to estimate a distance, the average of their answers will be close to the true answer, although the range of estimates may be extremely wide. If this were true, it would be quite amazing that Westerners find Easterners habitually underestimate the distance to the "nearby" mountains 50 miles away. Or that Arab guides are so successful at finding the foreign dupe who will waste his money betting that he can throw a stone clear of the pyramid of Cheops from the top.

The obvious fact that thousands of people have made this sort of miscalculation seems to have no effect on this hoary tale. Yet a distance is a concrete and specific thing. Asking people to estimate happiness or any other intangible just adds another fertile field of variable to our supposedly scientific study. We may be lucky and hit the answer exactly, but we can never know if we did.

**M**<sup>R.</sup> GALLUP and the others may freely admit the weaknesses of their methods, but they will express great hopes for the future of polling. Our impression may be mistaken, but it appears that polls are missing the mark more consistently as the years go by. This would not be due to a decline in polling methods, but to the fact that the shifts and changes in population and opinion are occurring more rapidly now than previously. Even the most painstaking

polling work can be nullified by a new wave of opinion induced by an effective radio or TV presentation. A thoroughly canvassed area may change character entirely if a thousand newcomers move in. There may be a change in opinion due to the newcomers having different viewpoints from the old-timers. The very fact that the newcomers are arriving may change the opinions of the natives. All of these switches must make for hectic doings at Mr. Gallup's office. He has our sympathy. We believe his job will become more difficult as time goes on.

New developments in machinery are a possible source of help to him. We hope they will give better answers than the electronic marvel of Univac. Perhaps you saw the television broadcast election evening, when electronics made such a flop. At a time when everyone but Wilson Wyatt knew Eisenhower was in, Univac solemnly declared that Ike would squeak through on the electoral vote, but would get less popular vote than Stevenson.

Defenders of Univac, and electronics in general, will rightfully declare that the fault was with the equations that were fed into the electronic brain, not with the calculations the brain made.

The moral is clear — people cannot be reduced to equations. Polling is our best available method for finding public opinion, but let's not take it too seriously yet.



By Bertram A. Totten



# WHY THE MAU MAU REVOLT

AMBUSH murders and savage mutilations by the Mau Mau terrorists are all that the name of Kenya means to most Americans. This British protectorate in East Africa has indeed been beset for months by the relentless undercover campaign of Mau Mau natives against the white man. But why is this? The white settler in Kenya was in no danger until recently. For an explanation, perhaps we should look into the background of Kenya, its natives and its geography, and into the circumstances that led to the current anti-white campaign by the Mau Mau.

Before the white man came, Kenya Colony, a huge equatorial territory with dense forests, hills, mountains, and plains, was the home of thirty-two tribes. Each had its own region and way of life. They were divided into three main groups: the purely pastoral, nomadic tribes,

such as the Masai; the partly pastoral and partly agricultural, such as the Kavirondo, the Kikuyu, and the Wakamba; and the hunters or forest-dwelling tribes, such as the Ndorobo.

The tribes who lived near the coast had a long trading connection with the outside world, and had suffered greatly from the old slave trade. But those who lived in the interior knew very little of the outside world and its inhabitants. Like any other human beings, they had periods of peace and war, prosperity and scarcity. Thus they lived in freedom, enjoying the gifts that nature had bestowed upon them along with the territory that was theirs.

One day long ago in 1890, Chief Waiyaki, of the Kikuyu people, and his elders were sitting under the shady trees sipping honey beer, preparing for the customary harvest

feast. As they were about to eat, a messenger came running up in great perturbation, saying: "O my Chief, I have bad news! A foreigner with his caravan has passed through our forests and is on his way toward Nyonjoro; the warriors everywhere have sworn to push their sharp spears into every one of his ribs, and cut him to pieces to provide food for vultures and hyenas."

At once the Chief sprang to his feet and called one of the elders. "Run as fast as you can. Tell the warriors not to kill the stranger, lest his weird lifeblood mingling with our soil might make it barren, especially when we are about to celebrate a religious feast."

The Chief with his elders and warriors went to meet the white man, who was ready with his riflemen lined up to greet them.

The foreigner explained, "I have no desire to settle in your country. All that I want is the right of way for my caravans through your land, and to buy food and other things in exchange for my goods, which I will bring you in great variety." He spoke further of honesty, peace, and prosperity.

After long deliberation, the Chief and his elders, and the foreigner, a Captain Lugard, agreed to enter into a treaty of lasting friendship. The ceremony of blood brotherhood consisted of making an incision on the right hand of both parties to the treaty. The terms of the treaty, the only one which the

Kikuyu people as free agents ever concluded with the British, were that the Kikuyu should supply food to the Europeans on fair payment, and that each party should refrain from doing harm to the other. No territorial concessions of any kind were made, and no clauses were included affecting the rights of the natives over their land.

THE STATE of friendship did not last long, for those who followed Captain Lugard stole the crops and made themselves troublesome. The Europeans came in large numbers, and Chief Waiyaki struggled hopelessly with native arms against more modern weapons. He was decoyed into the European garrison on the pretext of signing another treaty, held prisoner and later deported from his own country. He died at Kibwazi, where he lies buried.

The following years brought swift changes in the status of the Africans of Kenya. By 1895, the British declared a protectorate over the Colony and a Colonial Office was established, with a governor, executive and legislative councils with white representation only. Later, in 1915, came the Crown Lands Ordinance, by which all land previously owned by the tribes became property of the Crown. However, Africans living on these lands became tenants-at-will—that is to say, they could be moved about as the government wished. Thus Europeans who did no manual labor

themselves found plenty of native labor to suit their needs.

Strict racial discrimination became the system of government in Kenya, and laws were made to suit that end. The administrative policy was like that of a totalitarian regime. The white man looked upon his own authority and prestige as of the greatest importance, and every section of the European community behaved accordingly. Fraternization ended and the African was denied the most elementary democratic rights and civil liberties. The Native Ordinance Authority Act was passed making it illegal for more than five Africans to meet together without permission — on lands and property that formerly were their own.

The British Government of Kenya imposed the Hut and Poll Taxes upon every African male of sixteen years of age. Today, about 450,000 able-bodied African males pay 600,000 pounds in hut and poll tax at the annual rate of 12 shillings per male.

Although Africans pay huge taxes, the education of their children is very poor. The government spends about 8 shillings per head on the African children, while it spends 49,255 pounds for the education of less than 2,000 European children. In other words, the poor are taxed for the education of the rich.

March 1, 1939 saw the Order-in-Council come into operation. This measure reserved the Highlands of Kenya for Europeans only, making

it illegal for Indians or Africans to purchase or own land there. The Highlands contain the best and healthiest land in the Colony, and Africans whose ancestors had lived there since ancient times found themselves on the outside with no legal right to their own homes.

YEARS AGO the young Africans organized and formed the East African Association to challenge the illegal actions of officials and settlers in an intelligent, peaceful, constitutional manner through the courts. Cases were carried to the courts, and protests sent to the Colonial Office in London. The settlers were furious. Some of the Association leaders were deported or intimidated, as was the fate of Chief Waiyaki. In March, 1922, the Chairman of the East African Association was arrested, and with two of his relatives was deported without trial.

Since 1922, Kenya could be described as a land of Royal Commissions from the British Government. Numerous reports were made by these many commissions expressing lofty sentiments and high intentions "that the interests of the African natives and their territory must be of paramount consideration in every respect." But after each report was made, more African land had been annexed and the rights of the Africans further curtailed, especially in the last eight years before World War II.

A commission under the chair-

manship of Sir E. Hilton Young made another report in 1929. It said: "The first essential is to remove finally from the native mind any feeling of insecurity in regard to his tribal lands . . . that the lands within the boundaries, land established for Native Reserves, are reserved for the use and benefit of the natives forever . . ." In 1931, prospectors were sent out to have a look at the zone that the government promised not to take. It was reported that the earth in that area contained gold. The government thereupon tore up its pledge and passed a bill in the Kenya Legislative Assembly permitting Europeans to prospect for gold, thus depriving the natives of their land, in spite of their protests.

In 1938 there was a cattle round-up raid on the native Wakamba Reserve by the white settlers in the Machakos District. The Europeans, who had crowded the Wakamba natives into an inadequate space, complained that they had too many cattle for the land; that the cattle were destroying all the vegetation and exposing the fertile topsoil so that within a few years the land would be turned into a barren desert. With this the natives agreed, and they were willing and ready to adopt ways and means to meet the situation. But the government sent armed police to their territory to round up their cattle, brand them for confiscation, and sell them at low prices to European

corned beef firms. The Kikuyu Central Association sent cabled protests to the Parliament at Whitehall and the outrage was carried in the British press. But the Kenya Government pursued its policy, and the Governor refused to see the leaders of a protest march on the Kenya capital of Nairobi.

COMMENTING on relations between settlers and Kenya natives, Leonard Woolf, former Colonial Advisor to the Labor Party, wrote: "For forty years the interests of three million Africans have been sacrificed to those of a handful of Europeans. To say that the Kenya Government during those years has administered the country in the interests of the African people or treated their prosperity and progress as a 'sacred trust' would be a hypocritical lie."

Such is the background of present day turmoil and war between Kikuyu natives and the British. The aim is to drive the white man completely out of Kenya, and many white farmers have been brutally killed and mutilated. The British established themselves in Kenya at terrible cost to the African natives. Their foothold has been secure, and it has been impossible to turn them out without a bloody insurrection. But Africans are not hostile to Western civilization and do not want this insurrection. They are not unlike the people of Asia, who would gladly learn the techniques

of the new world and share in the intellectual and material benefits. They resent, however, the type of European invasion that destroys the very basis of their culture and way of life, and yet offers them no place in the new society except as serfs doomed to labor for bare subsistence.

African land is the paramount problem in Kenya, and there is plenty of land for all. But there should be an absolute ruling that Africans have the first claim upon it. They must be free to live on their soil in security, without fear that it will be taken from them; they must not be debarred from the best land of their own country merely because it suits the needs of the Europeans, and they must have enough land to

enable them to make a decent living for themselves.

It is not humanly or physically possible to submit to such complete oppression forever, and the Kenya Africans have resorted to legal and constitutional means for more than fifty years — in vain. It may well be for these reasons that, viewing their helpless situation, they have finally borrowed a page from the book of the white man's practical warfare tactics, and plunged themselves into a campaign of terrorism. Murder and slaughter are not to be condoned, but in the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson: "However feeble the sufferer and however great the oppressor, it is in the nature of things that the blow should recoil upon the aggressor."

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**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of *The American Mercury Magazine, Inc.*, published monthly at New York, New York, and Concord, New Hampshire, for October 1, 1953.**

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: Russell Maguire, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Editor: John A. Clements, 11 E. 36th Street, New York City; Managing editor: Joseph B. Breed, 11 E. 36th Street, New York City; Business manager: Robert C. Hodgson, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

2. The owner is: Russell Maguire, Belle Haven, Greenwich, Connecticut; Cary M. Maguire, Belle Haven, Greenwich, Connecticut; Marina J. J. Maguire, Belle Haven, Greenwich, Connecticut; Dr. Frank E. Adair, 1 East 66th Street, New York City, New York; Leslie J. Yarbrough, 823 Park Avenue, New York City, New York; Robert C. Hodgson, 3403 92nd Street, Jackson Heights, New York.

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(Signed) ROBERT C. HODGSON, Business Manager. *The American Mercury, Inc.*  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1953.

Anna H. Beinert, Notary Public in the State of New York  
Qualified in Westchester County, No. 60-5248100.  
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1925 was the year when Cal Coolidge was inaugurated president, Red Grange "the Wheaton iceman" made 77 and Illinois famous on the football field, the eloquent voice of Bryan was stilled in death just one week after the famous evolution trial, Bryn Mawr permitted its students to smoke, the dirigible Shenandoah was wrecked in a violent storm, and von Hindenburg was elected President of Germany.

Fittingly enough, 1925 was the year too when the first dental x-ray made by the Weber Dental Mfg. Co. made its appearance.

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*Is it true* that American public schools have been infiltrated with Communist-Socialist propaganda?

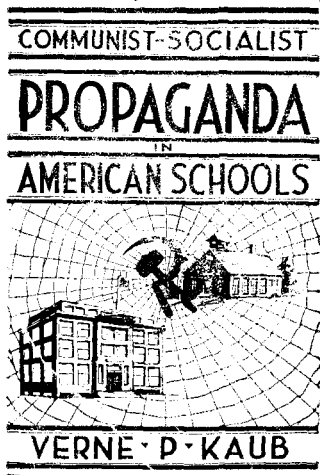
*If it is true*, can the source of this subversive poison be pointed out?

*"Yes" is the answer* to both these questions.

*Proof positive* is presented in excitingly readable form in a new book, a Meador production. The author is a newspaper man with a "nose for news" and the ability and willingness to dig deep into the official publications of National Education Association, professional society of teachers. The disclosures are truly appalling. . . .

Using the exact terminology of the Communist-Socialist movement, top policy makers of NEA promote the teaching of the class struggle and other doctrines which are basic in the Communism of Marx, Lenin and Stalin.

NEA and its committees and commissions, departments and divisions, laud and magnify the "achievements" of the Soviets while belittling everything that is American in concept and method; they besmear and besmire the Founders of our constitutional government, and the true patriots of every succeeding generation.



◀ This is a book for Americans to buy for themselves and their friends; to place in the hands of teachers who are misled by false prophets, and school board members who are hoodwinked into purchase of poisonous textbooks. Insist that this book be properly displayed and cataloged in public and school libraries; write to the newspapers about the disclosures in this book, and in all possible ways, get the truth to the people!

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